

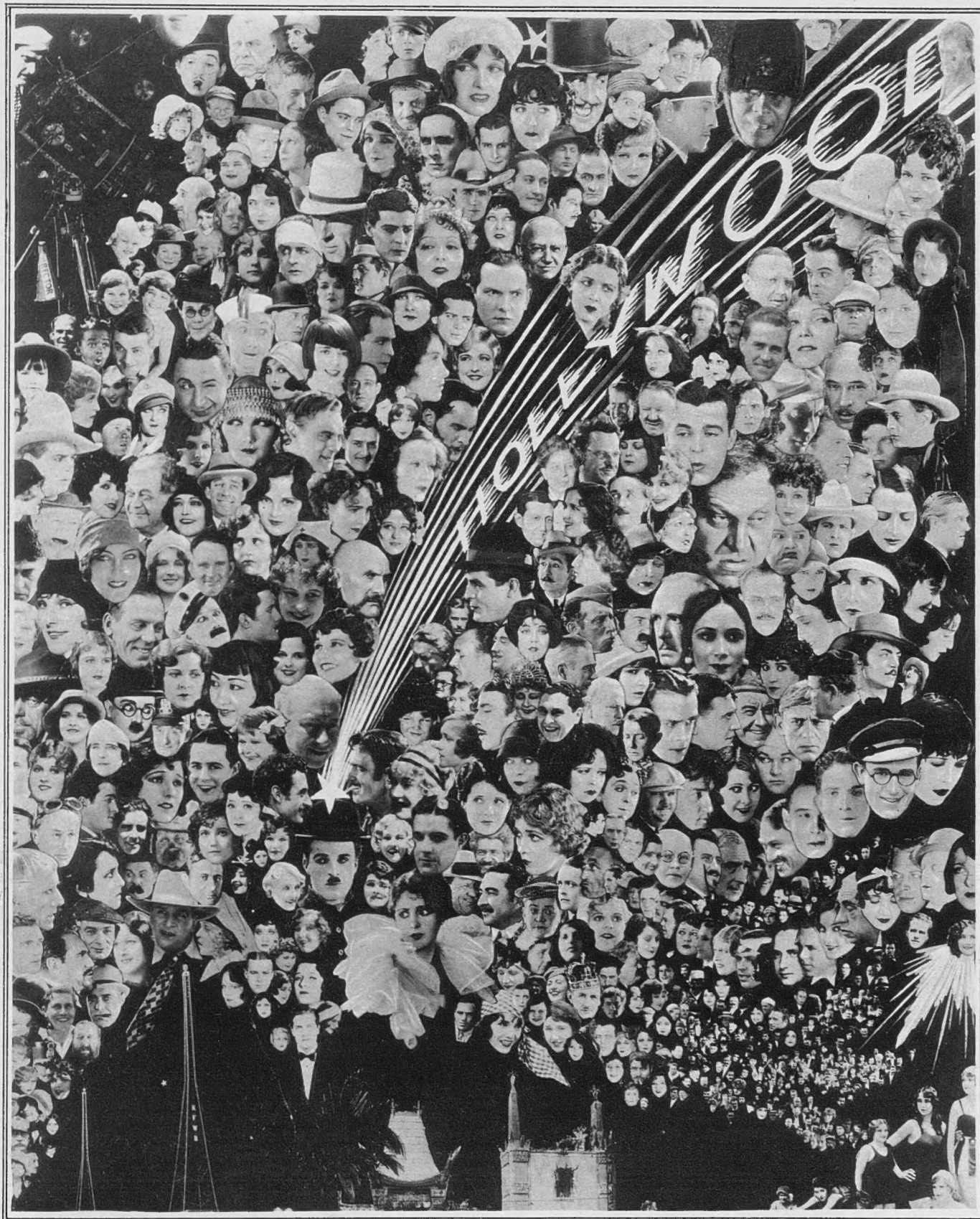
The Sketch

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1879. — Vol. CXLV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1929.

ONE SHILLING.



FIND YOUR FAVOURITE STAR! THE FILM FIRMAMENT.

Who is your favourite star? Above we give a page of what might be called "Celluloid Astronomy," as it is a remarkable composite photograph of famous screen actors and actresses sized up vaguely in accordance with their general popularity

among film fans. No prize is offered for a complete key to the picture, but "Sketch" readers may amuse themselves by seeing how many celebrities they can name out of the "bunch" gathered together on this page.

Photograph by Rudolf Myzel. Reproduced by courtesy of the Prague "Studio," in which it originally appeared.



Motley Notes



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

THE HILL.

TELEVISION? I shall become an enthusiast about it when I am able to sit by my fire and watch Hammond banging them on the Sydney Cricket Ground. I do not in the least want to import into my drawing-room a long-distance smudge of Miss Amazonia Brawn emerging from the Channel, surrounded by Mayors, Corporations, and other impressionable persons. I do not really care if she never emerges at all. What I do want is to be able to watch Test Matches without travelling fourteen thousand miles.

Even that would hardly be as good as actually being on the Sydney Cricket Ground again.

Anybody who has ever been there must have a particular affection for that arena. There a certain youngster of my acquaintance saw R. E. Foster make his 287; there, for him, walk the spirits (many of them, fortunately, not yet disembodied) of Noble, Darling, Trumper, Duff, Trumble, Hill, Warner, Hayward, J. T. Tyldesley, Rhodes, and many others whose immortal names would fill all this page. For some reason, he never saw Ranjinor Maclaren; but he did see Trumper, the greatest batsman of them all; and Barnes, the greatest bowler of them all; and Noble, the greatest all-rounder of them all. In those nineteen-hundreds a "colt" named Hobbs used to open England's innings with a player, far beyond coltishness even then, named Hayward. The youngster was there, in his accustomed place, at that disreputable match when the crowd, impatient of delay through rain, threw bottles on to the field, "crooked" Umpire Crockett in a unison of some forty thousand voices, and chanted Rhodes's one-two-three-four steps up to the wicket. He realises how young he was when he remembers that he thought it funny. I dare say he even joined in, God forgive him.

There are greater memories. Once the youngster played on that ground. Strangely enough, it was not a Test Match. The grand stands were empty; the famous score-board, which even then did everything except talk (and now, very likely, does talk, through great, garrulous funnels)—the score-board was quite silent when he set out on that long, nerve-racking journey from the pavilion to the wicket. He was grateful for its taciturnity when, all too

soon after, he made the return trip. It was a mere encounter of schoolboys; but was it not thrilling to tread the ground where the heroic feet had trod? Wonderful ground it was, too, in the most earthy sense: billiard-table turf which was not the usual privilege of schoolboys. That turf is produced in Australia not without effort; but for that very reason it is brought to a condition better, I fancy, than that of most English grounds.

For the half-price of a nimble shilling, the youngster could get a whole, crowded day on the celebrated "Hill"—the stronghold of the barrackers. You have been told of it; but it must be seen—and heard—to

makes the Hill wondrous kind; but there was one drunk who provided the *ne plus ultra* of primitive horseplay. He would stand up, and he would fight anybody who criticised his liberty of action—the assembled multitude, if necessary. His phrase was that he "would take on a paddock-full of 'em before breakfast." He was wearing a bowler (an "egg-boiler" to the Hill). An inspired genius crept stealthily behind him, grasped that hat firmly by the rim on each side of the head, and gave a sharp tug downwards. The rim became a collar, the crown became a skull-cap. Childish? Crude? Oh, exceedingly; but if you hadn't laughed you wouldn't have deserved to

have a mouth. And I can testify that this treatment for alcoholism is far more effective than all those things you put in people's tea "without the patient's knowledge."

Well, the Hill is far away, and I dare say that, even if I could go there, I should not—such is the priggishness of advancing years—appreciate it as much as that youngster did. And so I have to content myself with the commentaries of experts and distinguished ex-performers. Frankly, they leave me a trifle unsatisfied. Need they write like this?—

"If England wins the toss, Percy Chap-

man will probably elect to bat, as it is undoubtedly an advantage to go in first on a fresh wicket. One of the things which makes this manoeuvre popular with 'canny' skippers is that if you pile up a big score in the first innings, this leaves the other side a considerable number of runs to get, and they may not get them if their best bats are dismissed cheaply. It will be seen that the result is to give a lead on the first innings.

"On the other hand, if it rains, this will probably affect the pitch, and the more it rains the more the pitch will be affected. Not that this is an invariable rule. I recollect that in the third Test at Adelaide in 1882 it rained for twenty-four hours before the match, and I said to Joe Sloggs: 'Joe, it looks as if the wicket may be difficult to-morrow.' He said, with his Lancashire shrewdness: 'Happen it will; but it's nobbut on the surface—a rare lot of it will sink into the ground.' And he was right. When we went out to bat, there was only an inch of mud on the wicket, and the groundsman told me that, if a strong sun

[Continued on page main.x



PATSY: "Mummy, how many times were we divorced before we married Daddy?"

DRAWN BY HAMILTON WILLIAMS.

be believed. On that parched mound, on a typical Australian summer day, it needs enthusiasm to sit with no better roof to one's head than a sheet of newspaper, or even a straw hat. On the great occasions, there is not an inch of its dusty earth visible between the spectators. Every man is equipped with his bottle of beer (at the minimum) and his packet of light refreshment. The democratic spirit is intense to the point of aggression; the Hill-Dwellers do not like over-refinement of raiment. This is unfortunate for "toffs" who, in order to reach a place reserved for toffs, have to take a path which skirts the foot of the hill. The debris of luncheon, and especially a couple of banana-skins, wrapped in a piece of newspaper, are not a lethal, but they are a chastening missile. Many Hill-Dwellers developed great accuracy of aim. A silk hat ("bell-topper" to the Hill) became the focal point of a veritable barrage. The same ammunition inflicted heavy casualties among those who stood up and obstructed the view. If drunk, they were dealt with leniently, for a fellow-feeling



PRACTISING FOR THEIR CONCERT ON FEB. 5: THE HON. MRS. KENNETH MACKAY AND MR. SHERIDAN RUSSELL.

VISCOUNT INCHCAPE'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW AS A CONCERT SINGER.

Mrs. Kenneth Mackay is the wife of the Hon. Kenneth Mackay, son of Viscount Inchcape. In the past she has been better known in the hunting and racing world than in artistic circles, but she has recently been studying with Miss Olga Lynn, and is making her début as a professional concert singer at the Grottrian Hall on Feb. 5, when she is giving a recital with Mr. Sheridan Russell, the well-known 'cellist, at 8.30. Mr. Sheridan Russell, who

is shown above, practising with the Hon. Mrs. Mackay, at 2, Weymouth Street, her London house, is a brilliant artist, and is the nephew of Sir Landon Ronald. He played with the Lener Quartet for the Schubert Centenary at the Queen's Hall, and on tour. The programme at the Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Mackay and Mr. Sheridan Russell's recital will include songs by Schubert, Fauré, Marx, Strauss, and Cyril Scott, and pieces by Granados, Fauré, Bach, and others.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."



DICKERY'S WAY.

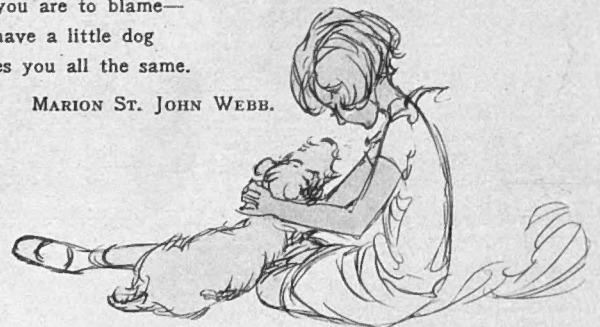
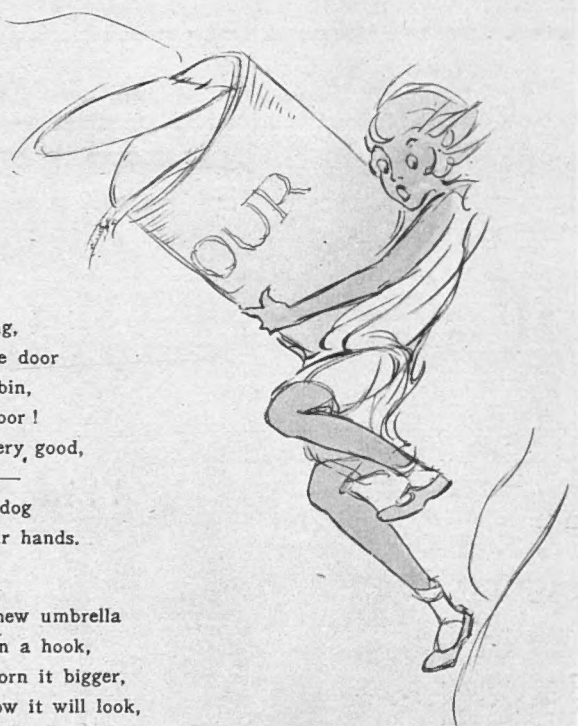
When John has gone to Granny's,
And Mother's gone there too,
And Daddy's in his study,
And you don't know what to do
But walk about around the rooms,
And wander in and out—
It's nice to have a little dog
To follow you about.



When cook is busy cooking,
And you peep round the door
And only touch the flour-bin,
And it falls upon the floor!
And all you meant was very good,
But no one understands—
It's nice to have a little dog
To come and lick your hands.

When Daddy's new umbrella
Gets torn upon a hook,
And you have torn it bigger,
Just to see how it will look,
Then—when you've done things purposely,
And know you are to blame—
It's nice to have a little dog
That loves you all the same.

MARION ST. JOHN WEBB.



JOHN AND ME AND THE DICKERY DOG.—XXIV.

Above we give the twenty-fourth of our delightful series of pages with poems specially written for us by Mrs. Marion St. John Webb, and illustrations specially made by Miss A. H. Watson. This is the last of the poems entitled "John and Me and the Dickery Dog"; but as

"Sketch" readers have such a warm affection for the twins and their dog, it will be good news that Mrs. Marion St. John Webb and Miss A. H. Watson are continuing to record the adventures of Ann, John, and Dickery. A new series will be begun in our forthcoming issue.

VERSES BY MRS. MARION ST. JOHN WEBB, ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISS A. H. WATSON. SPECIALLY DONE FOR "THE SKETCH."



AS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, THE YOUNG GIRL OF THE FIRST ACT: MISS EDITH EVANS AS "THE LADY WITH A LAMP."



AS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, THE NURSE AT SCUTARI: MISS EDITH EVANS IN THE REGINALD BERKELEY PLAY.



AFTER HER RETURN FROM SCUTARI: MISS EDITH EVANS AS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE IN MIDDLE AGE.



THE LAST ACT: MISS EDITH EVANS AS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE IN EXTREME OLD AGE.

AS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE—IN YOUTH AND AGE: MISS EDITH EVANS.

Miss Edith Evans's performance as Florence Nightingale in Reginald Berkeley's extremely interesting play is yet another achievement on the part of this most admirable actress. "The Lady with a Lamp" was first produced at the Arts Theatre, and last week had its *première* at the Garrick. Miss Edith Evans first appears as Florence Nightingale the young girl, and as the play continues,

she changes her make-up in order to present the heroine as she was at Scutari, and later, in London. The last act pictures Miss Florence Nightingale in her old age, and the final scene represents her reception of the Order of Merit. She hardly realises that at last her work is crowned; but as she murmurs "Too kind," she understands that some honour is being done her.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. POLLARD CROWTHER, F.R.P.S., EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



AFTER THE "WEDDING BREAKFAST": THE "BRIDEGROOM" (MR. JOHN RAYNER), THE "BRIDE" (MISS ELIZABETH PONSONBY), AND MRS. DAVID PLUNKET-GREENE; AND, AT THE BACK, MISS BEATRICE DAWSON AND MR. ROBERT BYRON (THE "BEST MAN.")

THE MOCK RAYNER—PONSONBY WEDDING GROUP: HOAXERS HOAXED?

Miss Elizabeth Ponsonby, daughter of Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., is well known for the eccentric parties and entertainments which she gives. Last week her fancy lit on the idea of having a "Mock Wedding Breakfast" at a well-known Piccadilly restaurant. The "Bride," Miss Ponsonby, carried a bouquet, and the "Bridegroom," Mr. John Rayner, wore a morning coat and brown boots; while

the "Best Man" (Mr. Robert Byron, the author of "The Station," etc.), was decorated with a waxed moustache. A man in clerical dress who lunching in the restaurant was informed that it was a wedding party was invited to drink the "Bride's" health. He gave an address on matrimony but it is thought that the Hoaxers were hoaxed, as the rev. gentleman did not come from the parish which he claimed as his!

Photograph by T.P.A.



FORMERLY MISS HELEN BROTHERHOOD: MRS. CLAUDE JOHN NICHOLSON
IN HER WEDDING GOWN.



"THE EDITOR OF 'WHEELS'": MR. ALVARO GUÉVARA'S
TATE GALLERY PORTRAIT OF MISS EDITH SITWELL.

THE MARRIAGE
OF MISS MERAUD
GUINNESS AND
MR. ALVARO
GUÉVARA, THE
ARTIST: THE BRIDE
AND BRIDEGROOM,
AFTER THE
CEREMONY AT THE
HENRIETTA STREET
REGISTER OFFICE.



CHURCH AND REGISTRY BRIDES; AND A BRIDEGROOM'S FAMOUS PICTURE.

The marriage of Miss Helen Brotherhood, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Brotherhood, of Thornhaugh Hall, Northants, to Mr. Claude John Nicholson, only son of the late Mr. Frederick Nicholson, was solemnised at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of parchment-coloured satin.—The announcement of the engagement of Miss Meraud Guinness, the artist daughter of

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, to Mr. Alvaro Guévara, the well-known modern painter, was followed by the news of their marriage. The ceremony took place at the Henrietta Street Register Office, and although there had been little time for preparations, a reception was held, everything having been arranged by the bride's aunt, Mrs. Richard Guinness, as Mrs. Benjamin Guinness is in Paris just now.

Photographs by Lenare and C.N.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY

BRIGHTER news and worse weather seemed to be the chief characteristics of the past week in London, when we found ourselves skidding about uncomfortably as we went round the Metropolis on our lawful occasions. Motor-ing was a distinctly livelier pursuit than usual, and there was a lot to talk about. To begin with, it's delightful to think that his Majesty will soon be enjoying sea

story itself—the fairy tale which Heloise wrote for her little son—is enchanting in its smooth and flowing perfection, an example of George Moore at his best.

Curiously enough, the most important wedding of last week was a morning ceremony, although the marriage was not a Roman Catholic one; but there was no question of returning to the old-fashioned "sit-down" wedding breakfast after the service which made Miss Cynthia Noble into Mrs. Miles Gladwyn Jebb at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The guests all went back to a typical "reception" at Mr. and Mrs. Saxton Noble's lovely home, Kent House, Knightsbridge.

I can't imagine a better background for a bridal group than Kent House, as it is not only a "fine mansion"—as the house agents say—but is decorated and furnished with superb taste. The bride looked enchanting in her silver-tissue dress; and her four tiny bridesmaids—who included Adrienne Fachiri, the daughter of the well-known violinist, Mme. Adila Fachiri—were small replicas of the central figure, as they wore exact copies of her frock, with the exception of the veil, of course. The company of four pages was reduced to three by the absence of one measles victim, and we all admired the *chic* of their silver tunics.

Almost the first guests to congratulate the newly married pair were two Royal ladies, for Princess Helena and Princess Marie-Louise came on from the church in the car following that of the bride and

bridegroom. They are intimate friends of Mrs. Saxton Noble, so it was not surprising that they should honour her daughter by coming to the church and to the reception. After the Royal guests had wished the young couple luck, many others streamed in, the next contingent including Lady Ferrers and Lady Elibank, the latter well suited by her red velvet ensemble and her becoming turban toque—a shape which suits her well.

As Mr. Jebb is in the Diplomatic, it was not surprising to find many of his colleagues there. I noticed that Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain had sent a set of cocktail glasses as a wedding gift, so it is nice to think that the *apéritif* habit has some support from the really distinguished, in spite of the hard things that are said about it! The F.O. sent a cheque (always a pleasant offering), and there were many nice presents.



I thought the guests were a specially smart company; and among those who attracted attention by being "so easy to look at" were Lady Dashwood and Lady Joan Peake, Mrs. Cyril Asquith and her sister, Mrs. McConnell (the latter in a leopard-skin coat which seemed specially suited to her vivid hair), Mrs. Madan, the sister of the bride, and Lady Cynthia Asquith. Celebrities do not often honour a wedding, but Miss Cynthia Noble had quite a bunch of well-known *littérateurs* to wish her luck, as I saw Mr. Arnold Bennett, Sir Owen Seaman, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling among the throng of guests.

Though there is a slight decrease in the wedding rush which was a feature of the early weeks of the year, there are some interesting ceremonies to wind up this month and begin the next. Miss Marjorie Stuart-Wortley, the daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Stuart-Wortley, of Home Close, near Newbury, is marrying Major Robert Bridgeman, formerly of the Rifle Brigade, on Wednesday next, and this promises to be a particularly pretty wedding.

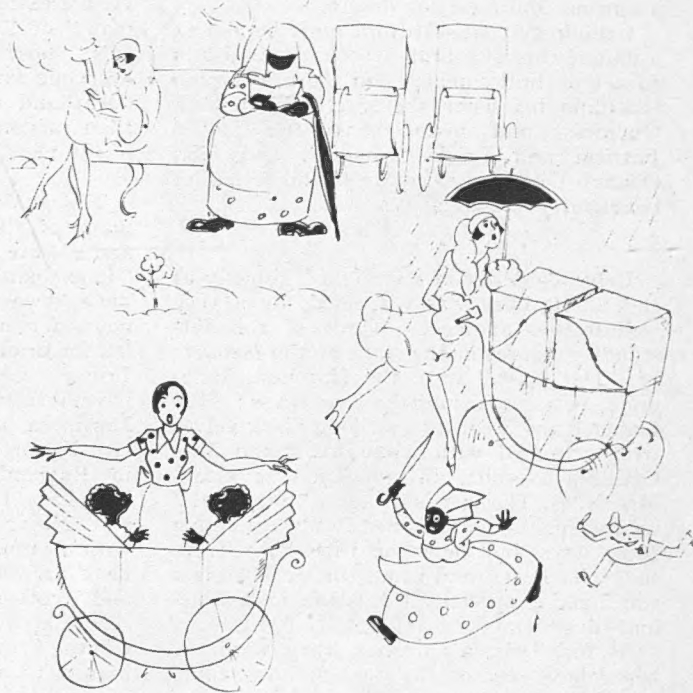
We have had such a run of yellow-and-gold or white-and-silver marriages that a return to a "pink" one will be quite refreshing; and Miss Marjorie Stuart-Wortley is so determined a believer in the success of a "rosy aspect" that even her white satin wedding dress is to have a lining which will provide a soft pink glow,

1. Mariegold has never been so surprised in her life as she was the other day, when her dearest friend, Pamela, dashed in with her twins, Winkle and Twinkle. "I know you'll look after them for the day, dearest: they only want food, fresh air," etc.; and with that she dashed off again, leaving Mariegold quite speechless.

air and—let us hope!—sunshine in Sir Arthur du Cros' wonderful Bognor house; and mothers of daughters are much cheered by the glad news that applications for presentations at Court may be made on Feb. 1.

The announcement of Miss Meraud Guinness's engagement to M. Guévara, the artist, whom she has known for some time, was quickly followed by the news of their marriage. Guévara is one of the modern men who do first-class work, and is a friend of the great Augustus John, that giant among the artists of the century. Although one would not think that "Guévara" was a difficult name to pronounce, the artist earned his nickname of "Chili" because he comes from that country, and it was voted easier to remember than his patronymic! Everyone knows the Guévara portrait of Miss Edith Sitwell, which, no doubt, he particularly enjoyed painting, as, apart from the distinguished appearance of his sitter, it is always interesting to have one's friends as "subjects," and M. Guévara is one of the intimates of the Sitwell trio.

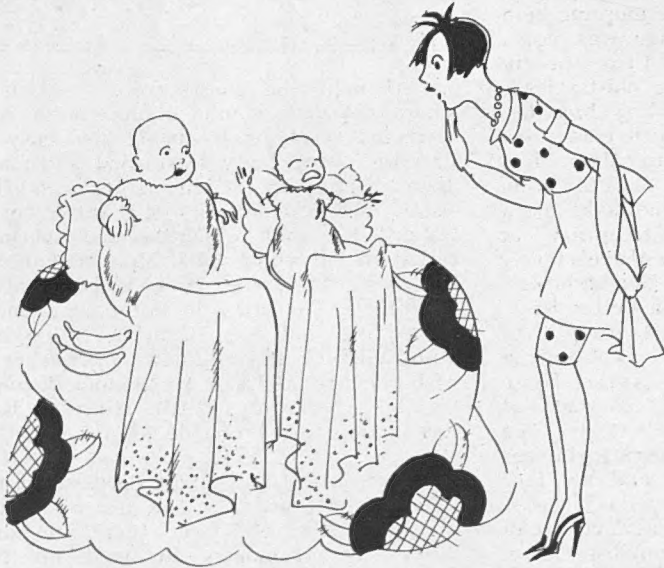
Before we leave the subject of the *Intellects*, it is a great honour for Miss Nancy Cunard to have a George Moore book to issue as the first volume from her Hours Press at Chapelle-Réanville, Eure, France. I have just been reading "Peronnik the Fool," which the Hours Press have issued in an edition of two hundred copies, each signed by the author, set by hand and privately printed on a hand press. An attractive format has been chosen, and the type is clear and beautiful, while the



2. It's amazing how a seemingly impossible job becomes quite simple when you start on it. Mariegold found a nice parking place for the pram, and settled down to a book. Of course, it would rain, so hoods had to be raised and the twins taken home. When she got there. . . ! Good heavens! Winkle and Twinkle had turned black! Surely she couldn't have taken the wrong pram? At any rate, she had great difficulty in persuading the police that she was not a "baby-snatcher."

and her eight bridesmaids are to wear rose-coloured dresses veiled with shadow lace. Mary Lady Lovelace is lending Wentworth House, Chelsea Embankment, for the reception, so there will be room for plenty of guests to move about.

To-day, Jan. 30, Miss Pamela Mitford becomes the bride of Mr. Bryan Guinness,



3. Horror upon horror! What had happened to Twinkle? Larger and larger and more and more balloon-like she grew, and Mariegold was trying to collect her agonised thoughts and decide what was the best kind of treatment for a severe case of "elephantopony," when she discovered that Twinkle had had all Winkle's milk as well as her own.

and nothing could be prettier than the filmy tulle dresses, falling well down to the ground from silver crushed-tissue bodices, which are designed for the bridesmaids. The tulle and flat roses which form the head-dresses to go with these frocks have been dyed a delicate pale beige tint, and they form a perfect complement to the bridal robe of rich, heavy satin embroidered with pearls in a curious Maltese-cross design.

I think that Miss Mitford must be almost a unique case of a bride who has four sisters to act as bridesmaids; and the bridegroom is adding his sister, the lovely Miss Grania Guinness, and his cousins, the Ladies Patricia and Brigid Guinness, and Miss Oonagh Guinness to complete this *cortège* of beautiful young relatives.

Delysia's début in "straight" comedy at the Shaftesbury was witnessed, by a very well-dressed audience. Three of the outstanding figures in the stalls at the *première* of "Her Past" were the Marchesa Malacrida, in a rose-coloured velvet dress; Miss Isabel Jeans, wearing a striking black velvet wrap trimmed with white fox; and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, in a white fur cloak. Mr. Ernest Thesiger is rather a "rare bird" at first nights, as he is nearly always acting these days, but he came with his wife to see "Her Past," and I thought Mrs. Thesiger was looking specially handsome in a blue-and-silver wrap.

As for Delysia's dresses, they were the best I have seen on the stage for some time, especially her silver picture frock of the second act with long sleeves, which was most covetable. In the bed-room scene Mlle. Delysia had a most amusing white satin negligée, with floating tulle sleeves and a large tulle bow at the waist. Her only day-dress is a little beige woollen jumper with a pleated skirt of crêpe-de-Chine. A scarlet handkerchief at the waist,

and a brilliant red cape and hat invest this model with a genuine *cachet*.

The season at Monte Carlo has now begun in good earnest, and everyone is out to enjoy the sports, society gatherings, and the sunshine to the very full. My friends on the Riviera tell me that the weather has been simply superb of late—and the Côte d'Azur is living up to its reputation very satisfactorily this year.

The Duke of Westminster returned suddenly to Monte Carlo, crept in quietly, dined at Ciro's, and went almost incognito to the Sporting Club the other evening. There he found that his favourite game, *trente-et-quarante*, had been changed—in fact, as I mentioned last week, the limit had been raised from 12,000 francs to 60,000. It annoyed him, and for a time he did not play; but in time the lure was too great, and when he started there was a genuine thrill. Luck came to his Grace, and before long he had all the crowd of spectators gathered around him, thrilled by seeing his three and four hundred thousand on the table, and silently hoping that he would win—and he did in good earnest, to the extent of over half-a-million francs! He then departed to Cannes, where he added another two hundred thousand, and returned to Monte Carlo, where his luck was still holding when my

news reached me.

Mr. Lloyd George, Miss Megan, and some others came into Monte Carlo in the *Sabrina* for a few days, but went on further for a cruise after having been entertained at Monte Carlo by Mrs. Edward C. Davis at her lovely villa, La Mas, and by Sir William Yarworth Jones at Ciro's. Sir Basil Zaharoff, the "mystery man" of Europe, was "Ll. G.'s" host for lunch; but everyone fancies that Monte Carlo and its future rather than politics were the topics of the meal.

Though St. Moritz has shed many of its celebrities, new arrivals are turning up daily "in exchange" for those who have departed. The Tunneys, for instance, recently left for Brioni, and Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse have returned to their villa, Marimosa, at Cannes, while the Portarlingtons are back in England. In exchange, however, Lady Wimborne, and Major Jack Courtauld with a family party of eight, have arrived at St. Moritz; and another visitor of considerable interest is the ex-Crown Prince of Germany, known to visitors and servants alike as "Little Willie." He has been seen dancing a good deal with Lady Patricia Moore, who is his god-daughter. "Little Willie," incidentally, still adheres to the old-fashioned "pumps" for dancing, while his shirt-front is adorned with enormous black pearl studs.

The Cresta Ball, which was held at the

Palace Hotel, attracted a big crowd. Lord Grimthorpe, a recent arrival on the scene, had a party, and the Michael Arlens, who are still in "Winter-Sportsland," were among the dancers.

Paris is practically deserted at the moment, I hear, and thus only a very small congregation turned up for the wedding of Lady Gibbons and Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis. Lord and Lady Scarsdale, Lady Fitzherbert, Baroness Schroeder, and Sir Charles Mendl were there, and Sir Anthony Weldon, who made a flying visit to the French capital for the occasion. The marriage itself was performed at the British Consulate, but was followed by a religious ceremony at Lady Gibbons's flat.

There was a big lunch party afterwards in an hotel, when masses and masses of flowers were banked round the room and on the table itself. Sir Duncan and Lady Orr-Lewis left later for Cannes, but not before their friends had thrown an entire bucketful of rice all over them, somewhat to their personal discomfiture.

I hear from a friend in Cairo that the popular Captain "Freddie" Guest has been a victim of bad weather, like most travellers during the past few weeks. It's rather cheering for stay-at-homes in gloomy London to hear that all is not sun and delight in distant climes. Storm and gales in Spain and North Africa made Captain Guest a full fortnight late in reaching Egypt *en route* for East Africa, where he is about to survey in connection with a scheme for developing civil aviation. He has two aeroplanes with him—a huge Junker and a small de Havilland Moth—and flies them alternately.

Dettmar Dressel has had a big success in Cairo, I hear, before starting on his Nile concert trip to Luxor and Assouan. There are few famous English violinists, and the British community in Egypt tumbled over each other to show that they know how to appreciate this *rara avis* when it visited them. One of the most successful receptions,



A.K. Zinkeisen

4. How did anyone ever manage to hold a slippery baby? And as soon as she had got a firm grip and reached out for the soap, there was Twinkle eating it! All things come to an end sooner or later, and after a thousand years Pamela came back in the evening for her babes, leaving Mariegold in a state of total collapse.

specially arranged for Mr. Dressel, was that given by General Sir Peter Strickland, G.O.C. British Troops in Egypt, and Lady Strickland, where Mr. Dressel's playing was enthusiastically received. MARIEGOLD.



RECEIVING HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY PRESENTATION FROM THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT: SIR AUDLEY NEELD, BT.—WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT (R.).



THE MARRIAGE OF A WELL-KNOWN PUBLISHER: MR. E. S. AGNEW AND HIS BRIDE, MISS CONSTANCE NEWELL, AT THE HENRIETTA STREET REGISTER OFFICE.



THE MARRIAGE OF MISS IRENE HYMAN AND MR. A. H. ROBBINS IN THE GREAT PORTLAND STREET SYNAGOGUE: THE CEREMONY, SHOWING THE HATS WORN, IN ACCORDANCE WITH JEWISH CUSTOM.



"LITTLE WILLIE" AS A WINTER-SPORTSMAN IN A BÉRET: THE EX-CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY AT ST. MORITZ.



THE PREMIER DUKE AND HEREDITARY EARL MARSHAL OF ENGLAND: THE DUKE OF NORFOLK (WHO ATTAINS HIS MAJORITY THIS YEAR) AND LADY RACHEL HOWARD.

A PREMIER DUKE; PRESENTATIONS; WEDDINGS; AND "LITTLE WILLIE."

The Duke of Beaufort's met recently at Grittleton, the seat of Sir Audley Neeld, C.B., M.V.O., third Baronet, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. The Duchess of Beaufort presented an album and pictures of the Beaufort Hunt. Sir Audley has been Chairman of the Beaufort Hunt Committee for seventeen years.—The marriage of Miss Irene Hyman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hyman, to Mr. A. H. Robbins, son of Mr. and

Mrs. Joseph Robbins, of Chicago, was solemnised in the Great Portland Street Synagogue.—The ex-Crown Prince of Germany, popularly known as "Little Willie," recently arrived at St. Moritz.—The Duke of Norfolk attains his majority on May 30. His mother gave a ball last week at Arundel Castle. Lady Rachel Howard is the Duke's eldest sister, and our snapshot shows them out with the Cowdray.

Photographs by Hopkins, T.P.A., C.N., Planet News, and L.N.A.

We Take Off Our Hat to—



PROFESSOR J. S. HALDANE.
FOR FINDING A KEEN APPETITE IN SEWERS.

Professor J. S. Haldane said, when giving evidence at the Commission of Inquiry into the Holborn Street explosion, "I have passed many interesting days in sewers, and always come out with a keen appetite."



PROFESSOR BONE.
FOR BEING A BONE THE POST OFFICE MAY WANT TO PICK.

Sir T. Inskip said to Prof. Bone: "I gather you do not think much of the Post Office." "They have done everything they should not do, and done nothing they ought to have done," he replied.



MR. R. C. SHERRIFF.
FOR BEING A THREE-QUARTER BACK WHOSE "JOURNEY'S END" HAS BROUGHT HIM TO THE FRONT.

Mr. R. C. Sherriff, who plays three-quarter back for Rosslyn Park, is the author of "Journey's End," the remarkable war play produced last week at the Savoy.



MR. JAMES LAVER.
FOR SAYING TRANSLATING A PLAY CALLS FOR THREE WEEKS' HARD WORK, THREE YEARS OF PATIENCE, AND ONE EVENING OF AGONY.

Mr. James Laver is the author of the English version of "The Circle of Chalk," in which Miss Anna May Wong will play.



LADY HILTON YOUNG.
FOR SCULPTING A STOLEN BABY THAT HAS SINCE EARNED ITS TITLE.

Lady Hilton Young, the sculptor, completed a group which she called "The Stolen Baby." It was put in her garden, and, curiously enough, lived up to its title, as it was stolen last week.



MISS DOROTHY BROWN.
FOR HAVING A CORKING GOOD BALANCE.

Miss Dorothy Brown, the American dancer, can perform many balancing feats, and is pictured above poised on the top of a bottle. Her accomplishment may surely be described correctly as "having a corking good balance."



VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA.
FOR WANTING THE CITY MAN TO GO TO WORK IN ARTIFICIAL SILK SHORTS.

Viscountess Rhondda said, at the opening of the British Artificial Silk Exhibition, that she was "looking forward to the day when men will go down from their suburban homes to the City dressed in artificial silk shorts, and in shirts . . . open at the front."



MR. H. G. WELLS.
FOR NOT BANISHING PROFESSOR JULIAN HUXLEY TO HIS "GUESTS ONLY" VILLA.

Mr. H. G. Wells has two villas at Grasse. Lou Pidou is his home and workshop; while the other mansion is his guest-house, and visitors are not admitted to the former! Professor J. Huxley, however, is an exception, and is shown at Lou Pidou; but this is because he is collaborating with Mr. Wells.



THE CENTENARIAN MISS WILHELMINA ROBINSON.
FOR REMAINING SINGLE BECAUSE "WOMEN'S TROUBLES BEGIN WHEN THEY MARRY."

Miss Wilhelmina Robinson, of Sibsey, near Boston, Lincs., has just celebrated her hundredth birthday. She has a pronounced dislike of men, and says she has remained single for a century as "women's troubles begin when they marry."



MR. HERMAN DAREWSKI.
FOR BEING UNLIKELY TO BE CLASSED WITH THOSE "BLESSED FOR GETTING THEIR 'BLOW IN FUST'."

Mr. Herman Darewski is having his "blow in fust" at the Baby "Pianola," the newest jazz-maker. It is like a mouth-organ in that you blow, but contains a roll of music like a pianola.



ENGAGED TO SIR HENRY SHIFFNER, BT.,
R.A.: MISS MARGARET MARY GOWERS.



THE MARRIAGE OF A NOVELIST: MR. PATRICK
PERCEVAL-MAXWELL AND HIS BRIDE, MISS
MAGDALEN KING-HALL.



TO MARRY THE HON. JAMES KENNETH
WEIR ON MARCH 2 IN OTTAWA: MISS
LUCY CROWDY.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN PERCY WALLACE:
MISS ELYSE KING.



ENGAGED TO MR. EDWARD WADHAM,
16-5TH LANCERS: MISS MARGOT CZARNIKOW.



TO MARRY MR. GEORGE DAVID CRAWLEY:
MISS RAYMONDE BALFOUR.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT THE BRITISH
CONSULATE, PARIS: SIR DUNCAN ORR-LEWIS BT.
AND HIS BRIDE, LADY GIBBONS.



A WELL-KNOWN AUSTRALIAN LAWN-TENNIS
PLAYER ENGAGED: MISS E. BOYD, WHO
IS TO MARRY MR. ANGUS ROBERTSON.

A NOVELIST BRIDE; A WEDDING; AND SIX CHARMING BRIDES-TO-BE.

Miss M. M. Gowers is the elder daughter of Sir Ernest Gowers.—Miss M. King-Hall, author of "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion," is a daughter of Admiral Sir George King-Hall. Mr. Perceval-Maxwell is the son of Lt.-Col. Perceval-Maxwell, of Finnebrogue, Co. Down.—The marriage of Miss L. Crowdy, daughter of the Secretary to the Governor-General of Canada, to Lord Weir's elder son takes place from Government House,

Ottawa, on March 2.—Miss M. Czarnikow is the only child of Mr. H. Czarnikow. Mr. E. Wadham is the eldest son of the late Mr. A. E. M. Wadham.—Miss R. Balfour is the daughter of Baroness J. Kervyn de Lettenhove, and adopted daughter of the Hon. J. Moncrieffe and Mrs. Balfour. Mr. D. Crawley is the son of Mr. Ernest Crawley.—Miss E. Boyd is marrying Mr. A. Robertson, son of the late Sir William Robertson, in March.

Photographs by Lafayette, Norval, G.P.U., T.P.A., Stabey, and Navana.



NOW ENJOYING A CRUISE IN THE "LAONIA": LADY LETTICE LYGON (L.)
AND VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH.

Above we give two snapshots of Lady Lettice Lygon and Viscountess Weymouth, taken just before they left Waterloo on the first lap of their pleasure voyage to the West Indies aboard the Cunard liner "Laonia." Lady Lettice Lygon, who is famous for her height and her beauty, is the eldest daughter of Earl and Countess Beauchamp. Lady Weymouth is the wife of Lord Weymouth, son of the Marquess of Bath, and was formerly the Hon. Daphne Vivian. Lord Weymouth and Lord and Lady Brownlow are other distinguished folk who have sailed in the "Laonia" for an enjoyable five-weeks cruise in the West Indies.

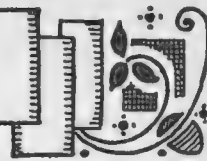


OFF TO THE WEST INDIES: TWO BEAUTIFUL YOUNG "SUN CHASERS."

Photographs by Photopress.



The Hunt Ball.



By KATE MARY BRUCE. (Author of "The Chequer Board" and "Clipped Wings.")

MY husband flatly refused to accompany me to stay with the Worcester-Permain's for their annual Hunt Ball, so I took Christopher instead. Mary told me at the time that it was a mistake, but my innate love of the incongruous carried me away. We travelled down together by train, Christopher wrapped in gloom and a grotesquely large travelling coat which he informed me belonged to his father. "He'll never know I've taken it. He's certain to think it was the butler," he remarked, in reply to my remonstrances.

As we drove through the frosty countryside in the Worcester-Permain's luxury car, Christopher informed me that he wasn't very good at Hunt Balls.

"Never mind," I said heartlessly. "You'll enjoy this one awfully, I'm sure."

"I daresay," he replied, without much conviction.

Mrs. Worcester-Permain and her two daughters advanced to greet us in the hall. Christopher was anxious to make a good impression and stepped forward eagerly; but the Sealyham puppy resented the fur lining of his father's coat, and threw himself upon Christopher, yapping fiercely. He tripped heavily over it, and stumbled against a table, smashing a priceless Sèvres vase, which was, as he said, a somewhat unfortunate introduction. Our hostess was very nice about it, and apologised for the manners of her Sealyham puppy, who was known as Albert. "Such a playful little fellow," she said tenderly.

I noticed that Christopher was extremely silent throughout dinner. An expression of anxiety and dismay spread over his handsome countenance.

"What on earth was the matter with you?" I asked him in an undertone afterwards.

"Matter with me?" he whispered in a frenzy. "My God! I can't come to the Ball—that's all that's happened to me!"

"Can't come to the Ball? Why on earth not? What has happened to you?"

"The worst!"

"But what?"

"That blasted puppy was eating my trousers all through dinner. The more I kicked it, the more it ate. Look!" He thrust out one leg savagely, and I saw that the bottom of his trousers was frayed and eaten away, so that it looked like a beautifully scalloped edge. There was nothing wrong with Albert's teeth.

"It's all very well to laugh," he hissed at me, as, overcome with unseemly mirth, I gurgled into my handkerchief. "How would you like such a thing to happen to your one and only pair of evening trousers?"

Such a thing was impossible, I informed him coldly, and, unless he called everyone's attention to it, no one would notice the sad accident.

"I can't come," he repeated.

"You certainly will come," I said firmly.

"D'you think I'm going to be left to the

tender mercies of all those?" And I nodded at the posse of apple-cheeked young men who were guffawing heartily in a corner of the drawing-room. With a shrug of his shoulders, Christopher resigned himself to his fate, and half-an-hour later found him at my side, bursting with antagonism, pushing his way, elbows out and lips set grimly, up the crowded staircase of Little Pippin Hall, kindly lent by Lord Ogleforth, the present M.F.H.

"What a lot of soldiers!" he remarked fatuously, as we threaded our way through the pink coats.

"Who's that blinkin' fool of a chap?" I

be able to go in to supper? I might be better if I were tight."

"I don't think so," I replied. "In *vino veritas*, and that would be fatal."

"If I told all these people what I think of them," he observed, knocking into a dear old gentleman who was dancing a sort of polka with a rotund Juno whose diamond tiara had slipped slightly to the back of her head, "they wouldn't care. They're quite certain that they're right and I'm wrong. They've solved the riddle of existence for themselves and their children. Nothing can affect them as much as a really hard frost—neither politics nor science, nor art

nor religion, nor even those two inevitable experiences of mankind—birth and death. These are the men who won the war for us; who rule India, who colonise all over the world, and can be depended upon in every crisis of the British Empire. They made us what we are to-day, and—"

The band stopped playing, and, throwing out his arm with a dramatic gesture, he struck an extremely surprised young man on the nose—"Just look at them! (I beg your pardon, Sir)."

When the Worcester-Permain party all trooped in to supper, Christopher held up the whole procession in the middle of the room because he wanted to look at a picture over the mantelpiece. "My God, a Canaletto!" he exclaimed, and Miss Worcester-Permain's partner said, "He is dippy—I told you so," and eyed Christopher nervously, as though he were a kicking horse.

After supper, everyone brightened up, and the hunting set made loud noises as they cantered boisterously round the room. Every time they made a hunting noise, Christopher shuddered. Supper had made him morbid, and he said rude things about the ancient and noble sport at the top of his voice, which none of the party seemed to think funny. He quoted Mr. Aldous Huxley to the youngest Worcester-Permain, who blushed scarlet, and, murmuring that her shoe-buckle was loose, disappeared upstairs for the rest of the evening.

"I'm going home now," he announced at one-thirty; but we soon discovered that the car wasn't ordered until three o'clock, and that it was snowing hard, and six miles from home. After that, Christopher's morbid gaiety fell from him; he wilted like a hot-house bloom in a north-easterly gale. His face was a picture of tragedy. "How many years have we been at this blinking party?" he asked me drearily.

At last the band struck up "John Peel," and an expression of joy came into his eyes. "I suppose I'd better dance once more with Mrs. Worcester-Permain?" he said. "It's exactly like dancing with a battleship. God knows what she's got under her dress—armour plating, I'm sure."

Rushing across the room, he seized Mrs. Worcester-Permain round the waist as if



THE WIFE OF THE FAMOUS COLOURED SINGER OF "OLD MAN RIBER": MRS. PAUL ROBESON AND HER LITTLE SON.

Mrs. Paul Robeson is the wife of Mr. Paul Robeson, the famous coloured singer, who gives the great song, "Old Man Riber," in "Show Boat," at Drury Lane. Mr. Robeson is one of the chief attractions of the Drury Lane success, and takes the part of a kind of "Greek Chorus" in the play, as the refrain of "Old Man Riber" is introduced a number of times. Mr. Robeson is not only the possessor of a superb natural organ, but is a most accomplished artist. Last year he gave some special matinées of Negro spirituals which proved a big success.—[Photograph by Harrods.]

overheard one of the young men in our party ask the Worcester-Permain girl behind us. "Is he dippy, or what?"

I heard her apologising for Christopher. "He lives in London and writes books and things," she explained.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned her partner.

"I told you I was no good at Hunt Balls," muttered Christopher, as we cannoned heavily off a middle-aged couple who were prancing round the room in an old-fashioned style, with their heads close together and their bodies curving quickly apart like a human croquet hoop. "How soon shall we



TO MARRY THE HON. DAVID BOWES-LYON, BROTHER OF THE DUCHESS OF YORK, ON WEDNESDAY, FEB. 6: MISS RACHEL SPENDER-CLAY, AND HER SPANIELS.

The engagement of the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, and brother of the Duchess of York, to Miss Rachel Spender-Clay, younger daughter of Colonel H. H. Spender-Clay, C.M.G., M.C., and of the Hon. Mrs. Spender-Clay, and niece of Viscount Astor, was announced in October, and the marriage will take place on Feb. 6. The bride-elect, who is pictured above with her spaniels, is an all-round sportswoman, and is a good horsewoman and an expert angler.



THE RESIDENCE OF COLONEL AND THE HON. MRS. SPENDER-CLAY, PARENTS OF MISS RACHEL SPENDER-CLAY: FORD MANOR, LINGFIELD, SURREY.

THE FUTURE SISTER-IN-LAW OF THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT HOME.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR A. OWEN, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."



TO MARRY THE FAMOUS GOLFER, DR. WILLIAM TWEDDELL:
MISS DOROTHY HILLMAN.



ENGAGED TO MISS DOROTHY HILLMAN: DR. WILLIAM TWEDDELL,
AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION OF 1927, AND CAPTAIN OF THE BRITISH
GOLF TEAM IN AMERICA LAST YEAR.



ENGAGED TO MISS ELIZABETH GELDARD: MR. W. W. VAUGHAN,
HEADMASTER OF RUGBY.



TO MARRY THE HEADMASTER OF RUGBY, MR. W. W. VAUGHAN:
MISS ELIZABETH GELDARD.

A FAMOUS GOLFER AND A FAMOUS "HEAD" AND THEIR BRIDES-ELECT.

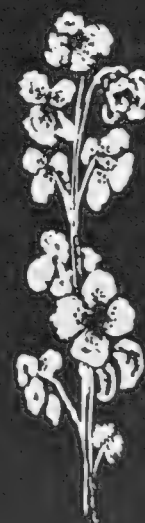
Dr. William Tweddell is the famous golfer who leapt to fame when he won the amateur championship at Hoylake in 1927. He captained the British golf team which visited America last August, and is a member of the Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient. His fiancée, Miss Dorothy Hillman, is the only daughter of Mr. Arthur Hillman, of Dudley. —Mr. W. W. Vaughan, M.V.O., M.A., has been Headmaster of Rugby

since 1921. He was Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and was Headmaster of Giggleswick from 1904-10, and Master of Wellington College from 1910-21, when he was appointed to Rugby. His fiancée, Miss Elizabeth Geldard, is the elder daughter of the late Mr. John Geldard and of Mrs. Geldard, of Cattleside, Settle, Yorkshire. She will be Mr Vaughan's second wife, as he is a widower.

Photographs by Horner, Russell, and Lenarc.



FORMERLY MISS CYNTHIA NOBLE : MRS. MILES GLADWYN JEBB, WITH SOME OF HER ATTENDANTS, L. TO R., DAVID JESSEL, ADRIENNE FACHIRI, LEILA ARFA, NICOLA MADAN, PHILIP JEBB, AND LAVINIA EMMETT.



A LOVELY SILVER BRIDE: MRS. SAXTON NOBLE'S DAUGHTER.

The marriage of Miss Cynthia Noble, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Saxton Noble, to Mr. Miles Gladwyn Jebb, H.M. Diplomatic Service, son of Mr. Sydney Jebb, of Firbeck Hall, Rotherham, and Mrs. Jebb, of 12, Lower Sloane Street, was solemnised last week, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a mediæval gown of frosted silver tissue with a long train to match. The child

attendants consisted of four bridesmaids and three pages. The little boy who is not shown in our photograph was Roger Lubbock. Their Royal Highnesses Princess Marie Louise and Princess Helena Victoria both attended the church and the reception which Mrs. Saxton Noble held at Kent House, Knightsbridge, after the ceremony, and there were many well-known Society people among the guests.

Photograph by Lenarc.



AT MÜRREN: MR. JAMES RANKIN, PRESIDENT OF THE EDINBURGH SKATING CLUB, AND HIS WIFE.



A WONDERFUL SKI-RUNNER: MISS SALE-BARKER, WHO WAS THIRD IN THE ANDREW IRVINE CHALLENGE CUP, WINNING THE LADIES' CUP.



READY FOR THE FANCY-DRESS "NO FALL" SKI RACE: L. TO R., MISS PATRICIA RAEBURN, MISS DOREEN ELLIOTT, MISS DIANA CREWDSON, LADY RAEBURN, MRS. DUNCAN HARVEY, MISS A. SALE-BARKER, AND LORD KNEBWORTH.



AN "INFERNO" ATTITUDE BY LORD KNEBWORTH! PRACTISING FOR THE "INFERNO SKI CLUB" RACE AT MÜRREN.

Mürren is the rendezvous of some of the most celebrated of ski-running experts, and everyone was full of admiration for Miss Sale-Barker's wonderful feat in the Andrew Irvine Challenge Cup race. There were twenty-two competitors, and the race was won by Mr. W. Bracken, with Dr. Walter Armstutz second, and Miss Sale-Barker third. She defeated two of the members of the British team for Poland, and won the Donna Isabella Orsini

[Continued opposite.



A SUPERB EXAMPLE OF SNOW SCULPTURE: THE LION WHICH GUARDS THE VILLAGE OF WENGEN.

[Continued.]

Challenge Cup, which is competed for by lady members at the same time.—Lord Knebworth, son of the Earl of Lytton, is one of the members of Mürren's "Inferno Ski Club." This club is the originator of a race over the most gruelling course ever set for a downhill race, and the name "Inferno" bestowed on the cup is thoroughly appropriate. The race takes place between Gratch and Lauterbrunnen, and Lord Knebworth is shown practising on the difficult course.

EXPERTS ON RINK AND RUN; AND A SNOW LION: IN WINTER SUNSHINE.

Photographs by C.P., and S. and G.



"COURT" STARS ON THE RIVIERA: THE LAWN-TENNIS SEASON AT CANNES.

The Riviera lawn-tennis season is once more in full swing, and famous lawn-tennis players of all nations have assembled for the series of tournaments on the Côte d'Azur. The New Courts at Cannes began their tournament last week, and, as usual, it was an interesting inter-

national contest. The German girl champion, Fraulein Cilly Aussem, played, and the English entrants included plenty of our well-known "hopes." Colonel Lord Roundway, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.V.O., who plays regularly on the Riviera at this time of the year, is the second Baron.

Photographs by Keystone, S. and G., and Alfieri.

OUR SHORT STORY.

THE LAST TO LEAVE.

By H. R. WAKEFIELD. (Author of "They Return at Evening" and "Gallimaufry.")

ARNOTT pushed aside the papers on the table in front of him and got up. "Well," he said, "I think that's all the business for to-day, and it's good-bye to Number Five."

"When do they actually begin to murder the dear old place?" asked Walters.

"They start dismantling to-morrow afternoon, I believe. They're in a hurry, as they want to get the mess pretty well cleared up before the end of the holidays. Anyway, it's got to be done. If the Borough Surveyor saw the condition of that beam in your room, Bob, he'd condemn the house without a moment's hesitation; for if that worm-eaten old hero did what he has threatened to do for the last six months, and decide he was as tired as he looks, we should probably all be cadavers in the basement inside ten seconds. I hated signing the death-warrant, but it will be a great weight off my mind when we're all safely installed in Russell Street."

"All the stock has been taken round, hasn't it?" asked Moberly.

"Yes," replied Arnott, sitting down again and lighting a cheroot; "and, by the way, 'Tambourin' is going very strong. Smiths had fifty again this morning, Simpkins another twenty-five, and both the *Times* and *Mudie's* have repeated."

"Well, it's a good book," said Moberly with a yawn. "The most deliberately naïve plot, excellently sardonic characterisation, and charmingly sophisticated dialogue: a young man's pen and an old man's mind—the type of the best-seller of the future, in my humble and usually inaccurate opinion. To find everything rather ridiculous and yet worth writing about, that paradox which stokes the genuine satirist's mind and keeps its safety-valve screaming."

"And," said Arnott, "no smut for smut's sake and no bunk for James Douglas's. It's very soothing to have one selling like that. One week's sales will pay for the move and then some."

"And to think it's by a man over thirty," added Walters. "How rare and refreshing! Thank the Lord we've got him nicely tied up for the next four."

"I hate leaving this room," said Arnott. "I've done so much darned hard work in it, and I have always had a silly feeling that it was the sort of work it respected—making books. Supposing we were in the brassière business, for example, how the old aristocrat would have felt his walls degraded, for I bet he's really a hopeless old snob. He'd have collapsed long ago. Whatever authors may say, publishing is a gent's job; and, considering what authors are like, the fact that we swindle them so little is a great tribute to our integrity."

"We've a pretty decent bunch on the whole," said Moberly. "Certainly they are the crosses we have to bear; but ours are fairly light, and, provided one always agrees that their last book is their best, and they see their singular countenances in gossip columns at regular intervals, they're not so much trouble as they're worth. As for the old house, I feel like whimpering too, but you, Jack, can't reproach yourself. You've spent your own real money in prolonging its life to the last possible moment, and it ought to be very grateful to you."

"I should like to think so," replied

Arnott, with a smile. "And now it's half-past five and time for a little farewell ceremony, a little suitable sentimentality." He got up and went to his cupboard, from which he took out a bottle and three glasses. He twisted off the wire, eased out the cork, and filled the glasses.

"Now," he said, "let us drink of this quite tolerable Roderer to the memory of Number Five, Equity Court, built in the prosperous reign of King William and Queen Mary, designed by a gentleman to be a home for gentlefolk, a gentleman itself. In a few hours the pick will be laid at its roots, in a few days it will be a vulgar heap of rubble. But it is still a small poem in bricks and mortar. We have looked after it so far as was in our power; it has been a good friend to us. Now we strike our tents. But its memory will remain with us. We have loved it; let us hope it has tolerated us. So here's to the memory of Number Five, Equity Court. . . . My God, what was that?" He put down his glass and rushed to the bell, and a moment later the manager came into the room, looking nervous.

"What was that row?" asked Arnott sharply.

"You mean that big cracking sound, Sir?"

"Yes, of course. It sounded as if someone had dropped a ton weight somewhere in the house. Run up and see if the beam's holding. I'll go downstairs." The others went with him. All the members of the small staff of John Arnott and Co., Ltd., were out in the passages looking uncertain.

"I thought it came from your room, Sir," said James, the clerk, addressing Moberly. The latter hurried across the corridor. "No," he said after a moment, "everything's O.K. here."

"I thought it came from your room, too, Sir," said the book-keeper.

"Well, it didn't," answered Moberly a shade irritably. Just then the manager joined them. "Beam looks just the same, Sir," he said; "and if I may say so, when I've stayed late, I've thought I heard noises sometimes."

"Thought!" said Arnott. "Not much thinking about that. Heavens above, I believed it had gone at last! Not a pleasant feeling," he added, wiping his forehead.

"What sort of noises do you think you've heard?" asked Walters.

"Steps and creakings, like people moving about."

"How often?"

"Oh, just now and again, Sir. Mrs. Rummy, the charwoman, says the same thing."

"Well, those weren't steps or creakings," said Arnott. "Something went then—I'm certain of it; and I thought we were going with it." And he mopped his brow again.

Presently the three partners returned to Arnott's room. "You two are going off now, I suppose," he said. "I think I'll wait a bit and clear up. I suppose the van comes for the furniture early to-morrow?"

"Yes," replied Walters, "at nine punctually."

"Well then, I'll clear up everything to-night. There's not much to do, and I don't suppose I'll be late; but I shall feel happier when I've got the *Essays* estimates finally worked out."

They said good-night; and then Arnott sat down at his desk, took some papers out of a drawer, opened his estimate book, shook his fountain-pen, and put himself to work. Half-consciously he heard the staff one by one leaving the house; each time the swing-door, which divided the short outer passage from the rest of the building, groaned lightly, it signalled the homeward exit of another. Presently all was silence save for the light, indeterminate stretchings of the oak panelling. Arnott set himself seriously to the problem of how to lower the production cost of the new series of non-copyright essays, the first four titles of which his firm proposed to publish during the next spring. They must be nice little books, in appearance superior to any rival series; but every fraction of a farthing counted, and he must get a penny off the cost if it could possibly be managed. He had just turned to the binding estimate when he thought he heard the swing-door creak again.

He was so absorbed in his figures that for a moment he disregarded this insignificant little sound; but then the echo of it, as it were, tapped on the back door of his consciousness, and he was saying to himself: "Now, who can that be?" The charwoman? No; she comes in the morning. Did it matter? Well, perhaps he'd better go down and see. He went to his door, turned on the light in the passage, and went down the two flights of stairs to the ground floor. There didn't seem to be anyone about. He visited the trade department, the packing and waiting rooms—each quiet and lifeless. And then he went up again to his room. But he found it difficult to concentrate; he was quite unable to expel the problem of the swing-door from his mind. Presently he recalled that it was accustomed to move without human agency when a westerly wind surged rudely into the court. So he looked out of his window. Heavens! how the fog had thickened. He could only just see across to the estate agents' office opposite, a mere eight yards away. That swirling, dank curtain completely cut off his view of the entrance to Equity Court, and the tiniest breeze would have parted wide that opaque curtain. It couldn't be the wind then. Well, why worry? Very probably he'd imagined the whole thing. ("No, you didn't," insinuated his sub-conscious.) He must get back to business. He picked up the book of cloth samples and went through it carefully and critically. He had just decided that a second quality aquamarine would be quite good enough, would mean the saving of a halfpenny per copy, and would look bright and attractive, when his head went up, and he appeared to be listening intently. If those weren't footsteps from Wells's room above him, what were they? He'd heard him stumping about a thousand times. He went to his door, opened it half-way, and listened. No, there wasn't a sound now. All the same, perhaps he'd better go up. It was just possible there might be someone in the house. How could there be? That swing-door? Probably his imagination. Well, then, those footsteps? Oh, very well, he'd go up, but he'd never finish this job if there were all these interruptions.

(Continued on page 228)



CHORUS OF "SIMPLY MARVELLOUS!" A HORROR OF A FINE DAY.

Joyce Denny has chosen to depict one of the horrors of the first fine day on a winter holiday in search of the sun. The gentleman on the right is a purist who objects to the expression "simply marvellous."

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY JOYCE DENNY.



OOLOO WAS BORN LUCKY! NO ORDER OF THE BATH FOR HIM.

Ooloo, the delightful new "Sketch" and Studdy cat, who recently made his bow to the public, realises that he is born lucky. Master, Missis, Baby, and Ooloo's sworn enemy, the dog, have to meet water every day under most distressing circumstances; and even the bird feels the call of the Order of the Bath each morning. Ooloo alone is immune—and the joy of this fact is enough to make any cat laugh.

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

Player's *Medium* Navy Cut Cigarettes Plain or Cork Tips



*Player's
please*

10 for 6^d
20 for 11^{1d}



"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

MCC 502

HOW THE £'s ARE SAVED

PEOPLE wonder how such a car as the Hillman can be sold at so low a price. The reason is simple—yet profound. Hillman designers, far from forcing their own fancies on the public, *base their work entirely on what investigations have proved to be the actual wants of the motorist.*

This policy prevents the enormous waste of manufacturing unsuitable models . . . the money saved being put into cars which motorists want . . . so that the Hillman is now famous as the *ideal combination of appearance, comfort performance and price.*

Six-light Weymann Safety Saloon, **£375**

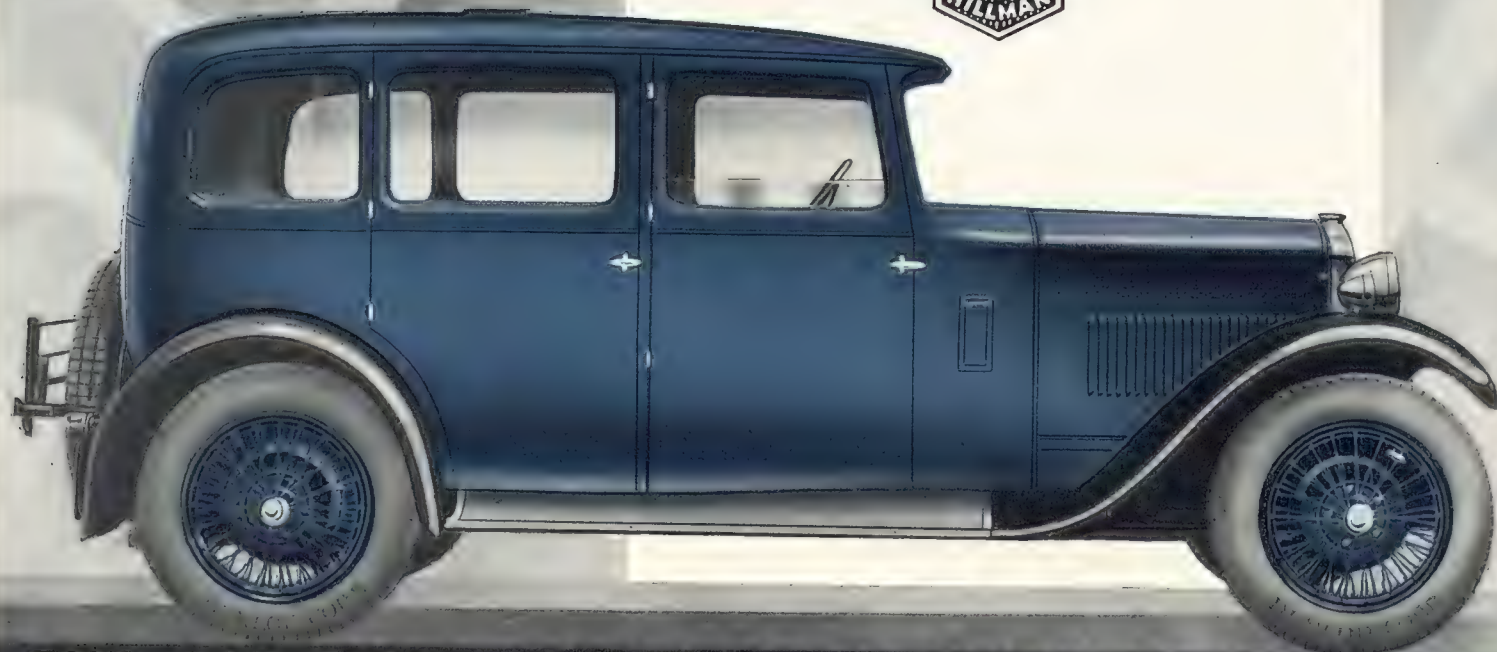
OTHER MODELS FROM £295.

Safety Tourer and Safety Saloons fitted with Triplex throughout. Safety Weymann and Segrave models with Acetex. "Straight Eight" from £435.

THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR
CO. LTD. - - COVENTRY

World Exporters: ROOTES LTD., Devonshire House,
Piccadilly, LONDON, W.1.

HILLMAN



THE CAR THAT COSTS LESS THAN IT SHOULD



DOROTHY GISH IN HER FIRST STAGE PLAY—WITH TOM DOUGLAS.

A SCREEN STAR ON THE "SPEAKING" STAGE: MISS DOROTHY GISH IN "YOUNG LOVE" WITH MR. TOM DOUGLAS.

When "proud pied April dressed in all his trim" arrives in London to "set the spirit of youth in everything," "Young Love" will be produced over here, and is likely to attract a great deal of attention, as the leading parts are being played by Miss Dorothy Gish—the

celebrated screen star, and sister of Miss Lillian Gish—and Mr. Tom Douglas, the "jeune premier" who made such a big hit over here in "Fata Morgana." "Young Love" is now enjoying a tremendous success in New York.



THE COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR BRINGS IN A GERMAN PRISONER :
MR. REGINALD SMITH AND MR. GEOFFREY WINCOTT.



THE OFFICERS' MESS IN THE DUG-OUT : L. TO R., SECOND - LIEUTENANT TROTTER, THE
RANKER (MELVILLE COOPER), PRIVATE MASON (ALEXANDER FIELD) LIEUTENANT OSBORNE
(GEORGE ZUCCO) AND SECOND-LIEUTENANT RALEIGH (MAURICE EVANS).



CAPTAIN STANHOPE INSISTS THAT HE MUST CENSOR SECOND-
LIEUTENANT RALEIGH'S LETTERS HOME : MR. COLIN CLIVE
(R.) AND MR. MAURICE EVANS.



THE COLONEL EXPLAINS THE SCHEME FOR THE RAID TO CAPTAIN STANHOPE :
MR. H. G. STOKER AND MR. COLIN CLIVE.

"JOURNEY'S END": THE MOST ARRESTING WAR PLAY—

"Journey's End," by R. C. Sherriff, produced last week at the Savoy, recalls the war with astonishing vividness and poignancy. It presents trench life as it actually was, with its periods of intense boredom, its squalor, its humours, and its moments of wild excitement and deadly peril. The scene is set in a dug-out in the support trench near St. Quentin. A great German attack is expected, and the strain of preparing and waiting for it has stretched the nerves of the five officers to breaking point. Captain Stanhope, a good soldier, who is keeping control of himself by means of heavy drinking, is in love with Second-Lieutenant Raleigh's sister. Raleigh and he were at school together, and he was



THE NEW DISH: PRIVATE MASON (ALEXANDER FIELD) EVOLVES A NOVEL METHOD OF SERVING RATIONS FOR CAPTAIN STANHOPE (COLIN CLIVE).



THE COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR BRINGS IN 2ND-LT. RALEIGH, SEVERELY WOUNDED: L. TO R., MR. R. SMITH, CARRYING MR. M. EVANS; AND, ON THE RIGHT, MR. C. CLIVE AS CAPT. STANHOPE.



CAPTAIN STANHOPE TELLS THE SHIRKER THAT HE MUST SHOW SOME SPIRIT: MR. COLIN CLIVE (R.) AND MR. ROBERT SPEAIGHT.



CAPTAIN STANHOPE MINISTERS TO THE DYING SECOND-LIEUTENANT RALEIGH: MR. COLIN CLIVE AND MR. MAURICE EVANS.

WITH ITS HORRORS, HUMOURS, EXCITEMENTS, AND BOREDOMS.

the younger boy's "beau-ideal." He dreads that Raleigh should write home to the girl that he has become a drunkard, and so demands to censor his letters. There is a bitter quarrel, but this human encounter ends tragically enough with the death of Raleigh. The shirking officer is another character who is introduced, as well as the Ranker; while the gaiety of the officers' mess in the dug-out is presented faithfully, and the cook's efforts to provide a change of menu in spite of monotonous ration food. There is little narrative in the play, for "Journey's End" is simply an attempt to recapture the atmosphere of the war, and in this it succeeds astonishingly well.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]



THE CHINESE HUSBAND QUESTIONS HIS GUILTY ENGLISH WIFE: YUAN SING (MATHESON LANG) AND SADIE (MARJORIE MARS).



THE SISTER'S LIE TO SAVE A GUILTY WIFE: L. TO R., HAROLD (BRAMWELL FLETCHER), CHARLOTTE (FRANCES DOBLE), YUAN SING (MATHESON LANG), AND SADIE (MARJORIE MARS).



YUAN SING AND THE CAT WHO FAITHFULLY CARRIED OUT HIS REVENGE ON HAROLD: MR. MATHESON LANG AND SYBILLA.



THE SECRET OF THE BLOTTING-PAPER REVEALED: YUAN SING (MATHESON LANG) READS CHARLOTTE'S MESSAGE TO HAROLD.

CELESTIAL MELODRAMA WITH HUMAN AND FELINE LEADING

Mr. Matheson Lang's performance in "Mr. Wu" will always be remembered by the older generation of playgoers, and he may now be seen in another Chinese melodrama in which he plays the part of a wronged Mandarin. Sadie has married the Chinese Yuan Sing, and she and her sister live in his bungalow in the Malay States. Sadie, however, begins an intrigue with Harold Marquess, and is discovered, in spite of her sister Charlotte declaring that Harold is her lover, and not Sadie's. Yuan Sing takes vengeance, for Harold dies through the poisoned claws of Sybilla the Siamese cat, who is sent out to murder him. Later Sadie is forced to confess, and Yuan Sing talks of divorcing her



THE GUILTY SADIE IS REMOVED AND CHARLOTTE LEFT TO FACE YUAN SING: L. TO R., MISS MARJORIE MARS, WITH THE CHINESE SERVANTS, MISS FRANCES DOBLE, AND MR. MATHESON LANG.



A BEAUTIFUL "LEADING LADY" OF "THE CHINESE BUNGALOW": SYBILLA, THE SIAMESE CAT, WHO MURDERS HAROLD WITH HER POISONED CLAWS.



THE DUEL OF THE POISONED GOBLETS: YUAN SING (MATHESON LANG) FINDS HE HAS TAKEN THE DEADLY DRAUGHT, THOUGH RICHARD (AUSTIN TREVOR) IMAGINES HIMSELF TO BE THE VICTIM.



IF SADIE BE GUILTY — THEN THE CHINESE HUSBAND, YUAN SING, MAY FIND CONSOLATION WITH HER PURE SISTER, CHARLOTTE: MR. MATHESON LANG AND MISS FRANCES DOBLE.

LADIES: "THE CHINESE BUNGALOW," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

and marrying Charlotte, whom he calls his "Heart of Jade." To complete his revenge he invites the dead Harold's brother Richard to sup, and at the meal two wonderful goblets are presented full of wine. One contains poison and the other a drug. Richard collapses—certain that he has quaffed the deadly draught; but, as a matter of fact, Yuan Sing took a gentlemanly chance, and he himself swallows the poison. Richard has warned the police that they may be wanted, and goes safely off with Charlotte to join Sadie at Singapore. Sybilla the cat is an important member of the cast.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"JOURNEY'S END," AT THE SAVOY.

TO see "Journey's End" for the second time is to be, if possible, more deeply impressed by it than at first—a rare tribute this to the masterly skill of the author, Mr. R. C. Sherriff, and the art that conceals art of the actors. The story—such as there is of it—is already common property; but what those who have not yet seen the play have still in store is a picture so pregnant with truth, so forcible in its utter simplicity that criticism becomes irrelevance, almost impertinence. Of all the plays yielded here and on the other side of the Atlantic by the Great War, "Journey's End" is the most remarkable, and, because it is entirely without the taint of propaganda, the one that will live longest in mind and heart. For here is war without fanfare, without trappings, without oratory—war with its stark misery of blood and squalor, its Juggernaut disregard of the individual. From the theatrical point of view, the interest of the play is perhaps largely technical. Mr. Sherriff defies nearly all the traditional rules of construction. Most heinous of all, from the popular standpoint, he has written a play that has no woman in it. But the result is a complete vindication of his method, and it does not seem possible that "Journey's End"—which, by the way, is Mr. Maurice Browne's first managerial venture—can fail to receive the support that such exceedingly fine dramatic work deserves.

Inspiration seemed to act as a driving force on the actors. We have seen many fine ensembles lately, but the soldiers in this wonderful play excelled in rendering the verisimilar veracious. To carp at any of the characterisations would be narrow-mindedness. Even the German accent of Mr. Geoffrey Wincott's finely sketched prisoner was flawless. Still, by the author's will, there were some figures which naturally were the mainstay of the action, and in one breath of admiration I would single out the foursome of Mr. George Zucco, Mr. Maurice Evans, Mr. Alexander Field, and, last but not least, Mr. Colin Clive, the new recruit of the little detachment in the dug-out. Nothing could be finer, more British, more pathetic, more powerful in restraint than the Lieutenant Osborne of Mr. George Zucco, the schoolmaster who, in the midst of war, dwelt in the visions of "Alice in Wonderland" and his garden at home surrounded by his family; who went into a dangerous mission in the gladiatorial spirit, yet who, in the supreme moment, was a true crusader and a philosophic guide to the young officer sharing his exploit, for which he, the elder man, paid with his life. The young officer was Mr. Maurice Evans, who consolidated his reputation made at the trial

performance of the Stage Society. He was the young Englishman to the life—a sportsman in his heart, who tardily realised what war meant, yet faced death with no other outward sign of fear than a little restlessness of demeanour: an infinitely sympathetic figure. Mr. Colin Clive's Captain Stanhope, the leader of his company, a commanding figure respected by all, although he shamefacedly admitted he found his courage in whisky, was a perfect study. He was, as it were, a type of the many who valiantly forced their mind over matter. Even in his moments of temper, moodiness, and roughness towards his subordinates we felt the real man under the mask. He was human in all the word stands for in force and foibles. Humour, that godly gift which was as great a helpmate in Britain's winning of the war as courage and missiles, shone in

actor, who has done so much good work, the chance of a lifetime. Whether he was the Byron of history, who can tell?—for the biographical accounts are as numerous as they are varied in many languages. But a romantic Byron he was in flamboyancy, in fervour, in spirit, in egotism, in grandeur of manner alternating with haughtiness and contempt for his surroundings and life in general; above all in magnificence of diction, which should be held up as a model to the young (and often muttering) generation. That second act alone, in which he flouted, cajoled, accused, overwhelmed in every way his passive young wife for her frigidity, her total ignorance of passion and abandon, in which he literally smothered her with his grandiloquence and the imagery of his poetry, which she did not understand, was a revelation of all the power and

artistic feeling that vibrate in this actor. Had the drama been as continuously impressive as this domestic episode which prefaced his parting from home and England to seek solace in the struggle for Greece's emancipation, it would have made a mark as a romantic play. But, alas! beginning lamely with the introduction of the ways of the "Perfect Lover" and all the conventional trappings surrounding him, and with a ball at Lady Heathcote's house that, for monotonous lack of life and animation reminded us of old Adelphi days and its "guests," it gave us one vivid act and no more. All that followed that conjugal scene was merely dragged in to continue the story when there was little more to tell; and the end, Byron's supreme moment when, his mind fevered with visions of the past, and the Greeks (in perfect English) wor-



"BYRON," THE NEW PRODUCTION AT THE LYRIC: MR. ESMÉ PERCY AS THE DYING POET.

"Byron," by Alicia Ramsey, was produced last week at the Lyric, with Mr. Esmé Percy as Lord Byron and Miss Dorothy Cheston as Lady Byron. A number of historical characters, including Lord Melbourne, Lady Caroline Lamb, Robert Southey, and Walter Scott, are introduced, and the play ends with the death of the poet.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

Mr. Alexander Field's delightful portrayal of the orderly who, in and out of season, cheered his superiors, who was ever ready with remedies in all emergencies of the commissariat, who was never at a loss for an answer, who leavened the noises of exploding bombs with the cheery, unexpected sally born of Cockney inspiration that seemed to illuminate the grim and drab surroundings of the dug-out. The happy touch of brightness also shone in Mr. Reginald Smith's Sergeant-Major, in contrast to the ebullient cowardice of the malingering Lieutenant Hibbert, poignantly depicted by Mr. Robert Speaight. With a word of commendation of Mr. H. G. Stoker as the Colonel—so matter-of-fact, so cool, yet full of feeling for his men despite his dry form of speech—I must take leave of a cast which (I say it without fear of contradiction) could not be bettered in any theatre of the world.

J. T. G.

II.

"BYRON," AT THE LYRIC.

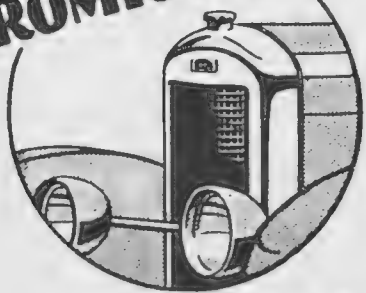
I DO not know whether Mrs. Alicia Ramsey wrote her play for Mr. Esmé Percy, but she deserves the credit of having given this gifted

actor, who has done so much good work, the chance of a lifetime. Whether he was the Byron of history, who can tell?—for the biographical accounts are as numerous as they are varied in many languages. But a romantic Byron he was in flamboyancy, in fervour, in spirit, in egotism, in grandeur of manner alternating with haughtiness and contempt for his surroundings and life in general; above all in magnificence of diction, which should be held up as a model to the young (and often muttering) generation. That second act alone, in which he flouted, cajoled, accused, overwhelmed in every way his passive young wife for her frigidity, her total ignorance of passion and abandon, in which he literally smothered her with his grandiloquence and the imagery of his poetry, which she did not understand, was a revelation of all the power and artistic feeling that vibrate in this actor. Had the drama been as continuously impressive as this domestic episode which prefaced his parting from home and England to seek solace in the struggle for Greece's emancipation, it would have made a mark as a romantic play. But, alas! beginning lamely with the introduction of the ways of the "Perfect Lover" and all the conventional trappings surrounding him, and with a ball at Lady Heathcote's house that, for monotonous lack of life and animation reminded us of old Adelphi days and its "guests," it gave us one vivid act and no more. All that followed that conjugal scene was merely dragged in to continue the story when there was little more to tell; and the end, Byron's supreme moment when, his mind fevered with visions of the past, and the Greeks (in perfect English) wor-

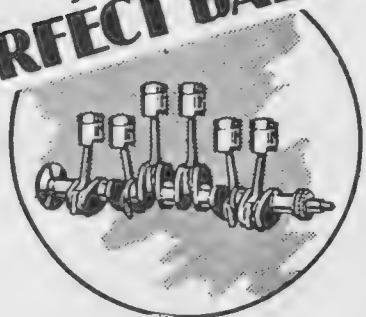
J. T. G.

[Continued on page 21]

CHROMIUM Plating



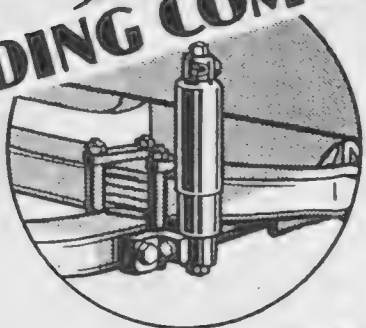
PERFECT BALANCE



CENTRAL Lubrication



RIDING COMFORT



SAFETY GLASS



5 NEW FEATURES

at no extra cost

"The little more—how much it is."

All the difference between average value, and the exceptional value of a SINGER SIX.

To fully appreciate what this means, one must look to the technical construction and equipment. ★ For instance, the chromium plating of all bright parts entirely eliminates polishing and ensures a permanent untarnishable finish. ★ The six-cylinder engine (tax £16), has a seven-bearing crankshaft of ample dimensions which is balanced statically and dynamically, and is fitted with a vibration damper. The perfect balance at all speeds is a revelation in riding comfort. ★ Then again, just one stroke of a foot-pedal under the dashboard and a SINGER SIX is thoroughly lubricated at every point of the chassis. No mess. Nothing missed. ★ The patent Newton hydro-pneumatic shock absorbers and "Triplex" glass all round provide a maximum of riding comfort and safety. These improvements add much to the value of the car, but they are obtainable in a SINGER SIX at the inclusive price of £300. Saloon £350.

May we send you full particulars and arrange for a demonstration without obligation? SINGER & COMPANY, LIMITED, COVENTRY. London Showrooms: 202, Great Portland Street, W.1

SINGER

SIX from £300



Mr. GOLD and Mr. FLAKE ON TOUR



Snow Flakes and Gold Flakes

"These Swiss certainly have hills of their own, Mr. Gold."

"Yes, and the hotel keepers have bills of their own, Mr. Flake."

"Never mind, we can still enjoy 'Wills of our own,' Mr. Gold."





The Literary Lounger. By Alan Kemp.

out of the window and looks at the halted *train-de-luxe*—

He saw the bright steel up-line in a corresponding curve, wedged in fish-plates that were nailed to sleeper after sleeper; thousands of sleepers, millions of serried sleepers stretching all the way to London and all the way to Folkestone and Dover; and the tens of millions of road-metal pebbles, smoothed out, raked flat, combed! And in the distance a tall, frail signal—at danger. No luxury here. Nothing but the naked bones and backbone and bottom foundation of a system. Here a *train-de-luxe* was no better than a common goods-train or a third-class excursion-train. All luxury seemed forlorn, pathetic, comic, fragile as a bridecake: for ever under threat of destruction. The through-coach would miss the connection at Paris. Disaster! God was not in his heaven.

One can imagine Mr. Max Beerbohm or

Which bottle? The two-pound bottle. How much more? Nearly a hundred words. Why? Because all women use scent. (As a matter of fact, thank God, all of them don't.) They use lipsticks too, and puffs and powder (from "a costly leather bag"), after a railway accident. The very time, one would have thought, when they *would* use them. But the sight moves Alan Frith-Walter to the momentous reflection: "Women are like nothing else on God's earth." This is a truth which none will dispute; and it is not an unfair specimen of the kind of truths which are constantly blossoming in Alan Frith-Walter's mind.

Mr. Bennett's mind is of a very different calibre from Alan Frith-Walter's, and it is not unreasonable to ask that we should now have the benefit of it. It has had a

prolonged literary holiday since "Riceyman Steps," and though we should be sorry to miss the delightful gambols which Mr. Bennett's holidays have usually provided, we should miss much more the solid products of his great art. But there is no reason to doubt, so full of surprises is he, that he will soon restore them to us, and that he will silence those who find him least like himself when he is most *de luxe*. Amen, so let it be.

Hanaud v. Apollyon.

Of Hanaud and his mysteries I cannot write temperately. He is to me not merely a pleasure, but a secret vice. I seize the latest Hanaud thriller with trembling hand, shut myself away from the society of my fellows, and drain the bottle until I am quite incapacitated. I did this with "The Prisoner in the Opal" far—I do

not like to think how far—into the night, and enormously enjoyed the orgy. This, believe me, is a tribute; for people who read books for a living do not enjoy them in quite the same way as people who read them for fun. I can truly say that, despite this handicap, I enjoyed every word of "The Prisoner in the Opal"; and I will maintain in any man's beard that Mr. Mason is our most accomplished artist in the thrill-mystery. "As black a business as Hanaud could remember." Is not that sufficient guarantee? Read Chapter IV., where the structure of mystery at the Château Suvlac is built up with the most delicate ingenuity, and you are more or less than human if you can stop before the last page. All the same, I do not think this story, good as it is, can be as good as its two immediate predecessors, for I find myself a little more critical of it. The blackness of this black business comes

[Continued overleaf.]



AT WORK AT THE HOURS PRESS, HER OWN PRINTING PRESS IN FRANCE: MISS NANCY CUNARD, THE POET DAUGHTER OF MAUD LADY CUNARD.

Miss Nancy Cunard, the poet daughter of Maud Lady Cunard, and of the late Sir Bache Cunard, Bt., has a private printing press, the Hours Press, in France, where she works with M. Maurice Lévy. The first volume to be issued is Mr. George Moore's "Peronnik the Fool." A limited edition of two hundred copies, on hand-made paper, has been printed in a very attractive format, each copy being signed by the author. Miss Cunard is to be congratulated on the beauty of the printing and type, and also on having a book by so distinguished an author as Mr. George Moore for her first production.

Mr. E. V. Lucas making hay of that passage.

De Luxe.

The ponderous class-consciousness on the one hand, and the complacent self-consciousness on the other, of these "darlings of destiny" who seem so completely to have captured Mr. Bennett's imagination! There is something exasperatingly futile about the Pullman traveller who perpetually hovers between "How jolly and comfortable and rich all this is!" and "What a tragedy that everybody cannot travel first-class!" And how tiresome these second-rate reflections on women, from a man who has created Hilda Lessways!

Two pounds for a bottle of scent! Why scent? To attract women or men? Men. What men? All men? Or one? No, all men. What could be the effect of a faint odour on a man? But every woman did it.

There is more about this bottle of scent.

All Aboard. When we are children, a railway journey is an adventure; and there is no reason why it should not always remain so, for it is an adventure. One can well understand its being so to Mr. Arnold Bennett, for it is his happy privilege to retain the sense of adventure in all things great and small. The very man to get the maximum of real, live interest out of a "super" train and its occupants. But has he done it in "Accident"?

I have never been, and never expected to be, without interest in any tale told by Mr. Bennett; whether it were one of his major or his minor performances. But this book left me almost entirely uninterested. I had a sense merely of voidness. I could carry away nothing substantial.

The story being extremely slender, the book must stand or fall by the reality of its characters and the vigour of its incidents. But Alan Frith-Walter, that "darling of destiny," has only faint elements of Mr. Bennett's peculiar brand of whimsicality, which might have raised him above the commonplace. The quarrel between his son Jack and his daughter-in-law Pearl would perhaps enlist our sympathies more powerfully if the disputants expressed their political faiths less superficially. There is more of the essential Bennett in the matrimonial paradox of the Lucasses—a queer study in the joys and pains of marital martyrdom; but even here there is a tinge of the grotesque. Altogether, a group of people towards whom one feels, at the end, singularly indifferent.

The Sleepers Awake.

As for the incidents, it is curious that the pivotal one, from which the book takes its title, goes for little or nothing; it is almost as if Mr. Bennett was so long preparing for it that he lost interest in it by the time he reached it. The others consist of the little trivialities of a journey seen through the eyes and mind of Alan Frith-Walter. Now nobody is better, as a rule, than Mr. Bennett in making such ordinary things really alive and exciting—in short, unordinary. But here the impression is of little things forcing themselves to be big, frog-and-cow fashion, and not succeeding. "Crude reflections!" Alan says several times of his own ruminations, and the reader cannot help agreeing. Boil it down, and is there really any savoury liquor in this kind of thing? Alan leans

(Continued.)

dangerously near to being too fantastically macabre; yet the horror is conveyed with the most subtle resource. Mr. Mason likes his villains, not least his feminine villains, hot and strong; and Evelyn Devenish is certainly both. One remembers other wild women in Hanaud's experience, some of them young and charming; but Evelyn takes the bad-conduct prize. On the other hand, a girl as gallant as Joyce Whipple makes up for many less virtuous members of her sex. The construction is so solid that it seems hypercritical to point out trifling fissures in it; but is there not one such on p. 17? On p. 9, the men join the ladies, Ricardo meets Joyce Whipple, and after what seems a very brief conversation between them, we are told, on p. 17, that "the evening was growing late. One of the bridge tables had already broken up." And does not Mr. Mason sometimes rely too much on violent facial expressions? Do faces express themselves as vehemently as he sometimes represents?—and even when they do, are they quite so clear in their meaning? But I hate to carp when I have so thoroughly enjoyed; and I am one, I hope, of many thousands who will enjoy.

Husbands and Horsewhips. I turn from the works of two old-established practitioners to that of a newcomer. Miss Jane England's "The Sjambok" is a book which I warmly commend to those who are on the lookout for good work by new authors. Miss England has already written one novel, so that she is not quite without experience; she has certainly profited by it, for in "The Sjambok" she shows a real grip of her job, an easy, efficient style, and, what is best of all, a very striking sense of character. It is a story of Rhodesia, and of the difficulties in the married life of Davida Bruce; most of the troubles spring from the malignant domination of her father-in-law, a quite excellently drawn character, and from the inarticulate false pride of her husband (whom, I confess, I did want to smack, or preferably punch, sometimes; but he is true enough to life). It is not a pretty story, but it is strong and clear, and very well told. I admired the careful restraint in writing. There is one terrible scene of half-lunatic violence between "Old Man" Bruce and Mark Lill, who is supposed to have offended the family honour. It would have been quite ruined by over-writing. It occupies only

last log of these unique vagabonds. I hope that the doctor who holds this threat over us will speedily revoke it; but if this is to be their last excursion, then it is, very fittingly, one of their best.

Everybody assures us that New York, or Chicago, or the Middle West, is *not* America, and then proceeds to write a



A BRIDE OF THE WEEK: MISS PAMELA SUTHERLAND, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. EDWARD BERKELEY CHERLTON WOODBURY WAS FIXED TO TAKE PLACE ON SATURDAY, JAN. 26, AT ST. MARK'S, NORTH AUDLEY STREET.

The marriage of Miss Pamela Sutherland, elder daughter of Sir George and Lady Sutherland, to Mr. E. B. C. Woodbury, was fixed to take place on Saturday morning last, Jan. 26, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.

Photograph by Marian Lewis.

book about it as if it were America. The Gordons, with their usual enterprise, set off in their fifth-hand rattletrap to discover for themselves an America which evades the public gaze. They found it in the rural districts in Maine, Connecticut, New England, Georgia; and their resting-places were not those celebrated hotels where life is lived by pressing buttons, but in the motor-car camping grounds which are dotted about everywhere, and which are populated by as strange a miscellany of human beings as it would be possible to find anywhere on earth. An extraordinary medley of the civilised and the half-civilised, the sophisticated and the

and prosperity, we seem to be constantly in an atmosphere which is centuries out of date.

In spite of cars and radios, the American peasant is still unbelievably in the backwoods; all his reading and writing and listening in does not make him a whit more mentally up to date than the illiterate Spaniard, and leaves him far behind the country Frenchman.

And his pictures? This "hick" sets the tone of the movies, and the movies set the tone of half the world. 'Tis a solemn thought.

All the Fun of the Fair. But it must not be thought that the Gordons are critics or satirists of these things. They are far too good "mixers" for that; they take things as they come, in a spirit of catholic humanity; and, indeed, they take occasion more than once to chide Mr. Menken for his "acidity." It would be heartless of them to be too critical, in view of all the kindness and geniality—crude, perhaps, but sincere—with which they constantly met. And what irresponsible adventurers they are! They smuggle themselves into a Ku Klux Klan meeting, where a female propagandist assures the Faithful that "if Al Smith were elected President every Protestant child in the States would be automatically declared illegitimate. This worked up enthusiasm to such a pitch that the car-owners rushed to their machines and applauded with a tumult of horns." They witness the tail-end of the Sacco and Vanzetti agitation. Perhaps their most romantic adventure of all is their interlude on a Show Boat on the fabled Ohio—the Show Boat "to find which we had travelled from the Berkshire foothills; all the incidents of the road hitherto, fairs, fiddlers, revivalists, gas-hoboes, and even Old Friend Bill, had been but by-products." Well, it was not so easy to find, but it was worth the search.

Balzac. I have purposely left an inadequate amount of space to mention the English (via American, I fancy?) translation of M. René Benjamin's "Life of Balzac." If I had begun with it, as I should have liked to do, I know I should have wanted a whole article for the subject; for Balzac happens to be rather an idol of mine. To my mind, he is one of the top-notchers of all time, and the "Comédie Humaine," despite its great unevennesses, stands among the really gigantic products of literature. M. Benjamin

ARTISTS!

An announcement of great interest to all artists will be found on page IV. in the front of this issue.

two or three pages, but it has been done just rightly; one shudders, and remembers. I shall watch Miss England's future work with much interest, and shall be much disappointed if—if I am disappointed.

Disunited States.

The Gordons over the Water! I have followed them always with entertainment and profit, over a good deal of the length and breadth of Europe, but never with more pleasure than I felt in following in the wake of their "Happy Hears" through the byways of the United States. "On Wandering Wheels" is a book to get and to keep—the more so if, as its epilogue threatens, it is to be the

primitive. You realise the truth of those commonplaces which usually are mere phrases to Europeans—that America is not a nation, but a haphazard conglomerate of quite incompatible nationalities. You pass through whole districts where life, thought, and speech are as foreign to the "Nordic" as in—say—Bessarabia. On the Island of St. Helena you find a self-contained negro community where "the white man's dominion ceases." Creeds and sects of incredible naïveté abound—the Mennonites, the child evangelist, the frenzy of negro religious emotionalism. Read the extraordinary account of the "big Holy Shout" in the chapter called "The House of God." Despite progress and machinery

is one of the most prominent and individual of contemporary French writers, and this Life immediately made a big reputation when it appeared—the more so because, of the preceding biographies, few had been satisfactory. Further, this book belongs to a series of biographies which

(Continued on page xii.)

- Accident. By Arnold Bennett. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)
The Prisoner in the Opal. By A. E. W. Mason. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
The Sjambok. By Jane England. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d.)
On Wandering Wheels. By Jan and Cora Gordon. (The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d.)
The Life of Honoré de Balzac. By René Benjamin. (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.)



THE BEST MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT IN YOUR OWN HOME

**AEOLIAN MADE
AND AEOLIAN
GUARANTEED**

Every genuine 'Pianola' Piano embodies to the full the whole perfection, skill and invention of Aeolian craftsmanship, and carries with it the Aeolian guarantee—the guarantee of the world's greatest music house



You can play, hear, and enjoy all music, can appreciate its magical charm to the fullest, its endless delight and varied inspiration, in your own home with

The 'DUO-ART' 'PIANOLA' PIANO

All music is yours, for with the 'Pianola' you can play it all, or the 'Duo-Art' will play it all to you. Music from the great operas, dances, songs, popular numbers from the Halls—what you will.

THE FOUR-FOLD USE OF THE 'PIANOLA' PIANO

The 'Pianola' is a magnificent piano, either a STEINWAY, WEBER or STECK, perfect in tone and touch for the gifted performer to play by hand in the usual way. It is a 'Pianola' Piano, the world's premier player piano, on which you can play every kind of music with complete control over personal expression, and, in addition, it is a piano which will reproduce the playing of the greatest pianists of the day—Cortot, Bauer, Paderewski, Pachmann, Myra Hess, Backhaus—and scores of other illustrious virtuosi.

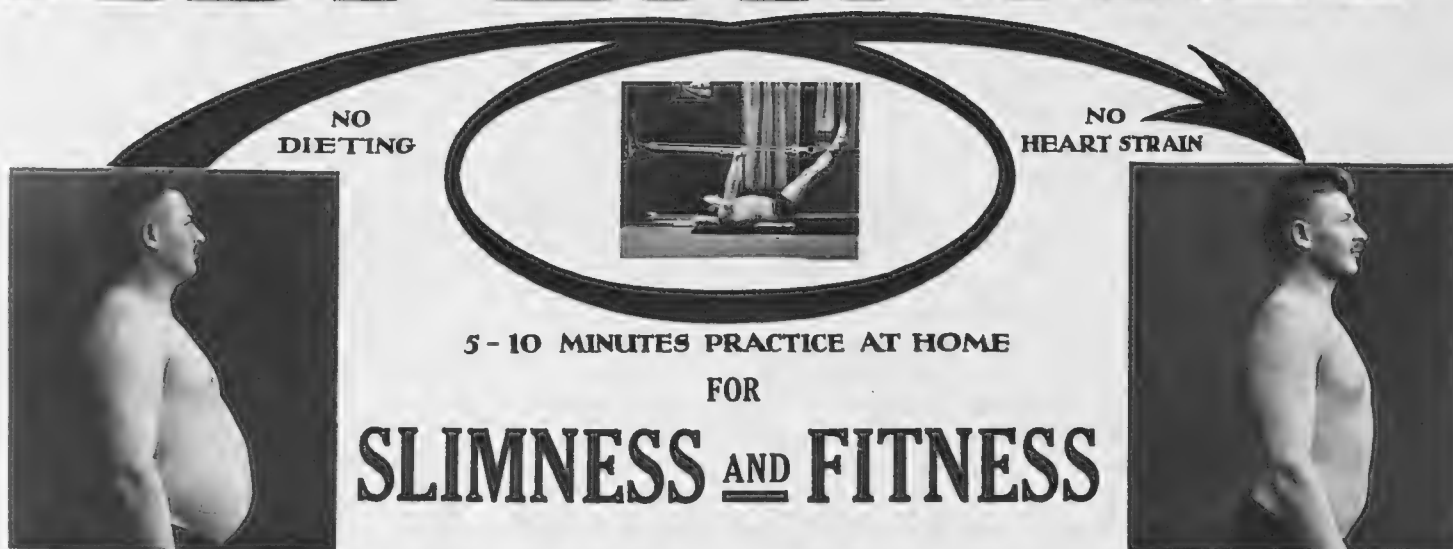
And finally, by means of the wonderful new 'AudioGraphic' Rolls the underlying meaning of the music is made clear, and a fuller enjoyment assured.

The 'Pianola' Piano is obtainable in Grand and Upright Models

Illustrated catalogues O. F. and particulars of Easy Payment and Exchange Terms on application.

The AEOLIAN CO. Ltd. *Aeolian Hall, 131-137, New Bond St.
London, W.1.*

ABPLANALP



A Swiss Gentleman before Treatment.

Same Gentleman after Two Months.

Widely practised and highly recommended by Naval and Military Officers of all ranks.

Write for well-illustrated FREE BOOKLET

Please enclose stamps, or value, for postage
(2½d. for U.K., 6d. for Colonies, 10d. for Abroad).

When in London, call for most interesting and convincing Free CINEMA DEMONSTRATION

(given Daily from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.)
showing the system and its wonderful effects.

ABPLANALP'S INSTITUTE
Rooms 447/9A 168, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Building of Robinson & Cleaver)



By Appointment
Ironfounders to
H.M. the King.

Increase your comfort and reduce labour in the home by installing a— **CARRON** ELECTRIC FIRE

The "Canterbury" is the cheapest and most
effective Fire of its kind on the market.

The "Canterbury" gives an intense radiant heat with a low consumption of current and will effectively heat a room 16 ft. x 14 ft. Easily portable—weighs only 20 lbs.—and can be placed in any position—only electric plug required. The consumption of current is 2 units per hour, reducible to 1 unit. Substantially constructed and finished in rich eggshell black enamel with polished copper or nickel-plated fittings. Will give years of satisfying service.

Price only **£2 . 15 . 0**

Place your order NOW!

Your Electrical Contractor or Local Supply Authority will give you further particulars, or write for No. 74A Illustrated and Descriptive Booklet, post free, which gives full particulars of this and many other popular Carron Electric Fires.



CARRON COMPANY
FOUNDED 1759.

London Showrooms: 50 Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.1

And 15 UPPER THAMES STREET, E.C.4

Also at LIVERPOOL: 22/30 Redcross Street.
EDINBURGH: 114 George Street.

WORKS:
CARRON, STIRLINGSHIRE

GLASGOW: 123 Buchanan Street, C.1
BRISTOL: 62 Prince Street.



"The
Canterbury."



"A touch of the switch does it."



Gossip from the Hunting World.



A "Beaufortshire" Budget.

The most harassing sort of weather it's been, keeping us on tenterhooks from day to day—thawing and freezing, fogging and freezing again—but it's generally just enough to stop hunting here, whilst packs further north can carry on, which is just the contrary to what we are accustomed to, and therefore peculiarly exasperating. The Cricklade and Berkeley have snatched days when we were frozen out hopelessly. Last week the Duke, accompanied by Mr. David Lindsay, who was staying at "the House," went down to Berkeley for a day in their vale. Lord Westmorland, Lord Apsley, the Badminton padre, Major and Mrs. Fetherston Godley, and a few others also threw in their fortunes with the Yellow Jackets, but only came in for a moderate day. We didn't get out till the Saturday, and then the proceedings were rather cramped by circumstance. A monster field foregathered at Easton Grey, and paraded round and round Colonel "Curly" Wilder's nice large field, whilst their exuberant steeds indulged in playful plunges and buckings in the nastiest way, and we soon found the going consisted of melted grease on top and absolute iron just underneath that layer! So we were all filled with the direst forebodings and dreads till, after half-an-hour or so of contemplation, the word went forth that hounds would be taken to the Sodbury Vale. As this meant ten miles of solid bumping, those who had already come long distances decided on home and lunch; but still, it was a pretty big throng that trotted off. Nor were the deserters best pleased to learn afterwards that a change of mind shifted the scene of action to Saturday country after all. After crossing the park at Badminton, matters seemed better enough to warrant a try at Withymore. The first dash was not comforting, and a few were overturned after violent skids. A chase from Allengrove back to Withymore set us slipping and slithering, glissading and doing "California" turns, which shattered the nerves and chattered the teeth, so that after an hour or so of that sort of thing the field had noticeably diminished. However, in the sunny afternoon the going really did get all right, and there was a smashing thirty-minute hunt, from Burton Faggot pile to West Kington and back again, via Burton, which was tremendous fun.

"Day-Snatching." It froze and fogged again till Tuesday, when a certain degree of thaw allowed a twelve o'clock meet at Knockdown. Such an idea is quite sufficient excuse for a "nice

small field" of two hundred or so to collect in "Beaufortshire," but it was with trepidation that they skated across to Silk Wood, for the going was even more dangerous than on Saturday morning, and the woodland rides were as hard as a brick. However, after an hour or so of covert hunting, a quest for outliers resulted in the discovery of—presumably—our old friend of a fortnight ago at Pinkney Court, and he twisted and turned and wriggled round every field between Bransdown and Willesley. As the afternoon wore on the going improved, so that the braver spirits got going a bit and

the matter of weather. Other packs may have found the days they have fixed to hunt impossible through frost, but a change always seems to come in time to allow the Cottesmore to give their followers a chance of riding over the country. The meet at Tilton Station on Tuesday would probably make those extra-careful of their necks think twice about venturing to jump fences! There was quite a useful scent, and hounds ran well, but though going away at a great pace from Tilton Wood, that gallop was brief. Foxes in these woods are often loth to leave; but on this occasion the one found in Skeffington Wood made off at once into the open without a moment's delay. First of all he started away apparently bent on invading Fernie country, but, on reaching the turnpike near Skeffington, bore away to the right towards Billesdon. Here, entering Quorn territory, he made straight for the Coplow over a good country. No one seemed to know if there was a change then, but hounds ran on by Quenby towards Ingarsby, but were unable to carry the line any further. On the way back to his own country the Master bethought himself of an ancient right—never exercised for about forty years—of drawing once a year Lord Morton's covert, within Quorn boundaries. A fox was found, and with an improving scent hounds ran fast up to Skeffington.

The Luck of the Cottesmore.

The Melton Ball is a function that attracts youth from every hunt in the kingdom, and they always look forward to having a gallop with the Quorn the next day; but on this occasion it was not to be. The luck of the Cottesmore still holds, and the thaw came in time to enable them to meet at Wymondham on Saturday. There was still "bone" in the

ground up to mid-day, and it may have existed still later in isolated spots, but it did not prevent people from jumping every fence they could see.

Perhaps it was fortunate the first covert drawn was blank, and it must have been fully one o'clock when hounds went away from Laxton's. The fox certainly did not pursue a very straight course, but he may have found his way blocked for the point he wished to make. After crossing the road and then on to the flats by Berry Gorse, he was apparently heading by Wild's Lodge for Gartree Hill, but a string of motors prevented him going further in that direction. It may be imagination, but it seemed to me that after this incident the fox had lost heart, and wandered about the country in an aimless sort of way.



THE BEAUFORT "BIRTHDAY" MEET AT GRITTLETON HOUSE: MISS WARD, THE EARL OF WESTMORLAND, AND THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND.

Our snapshot was taken at the recent lawn meet of the Duke of Beaufort's at Grittleton House, the seat of Sir Audley Neeld, C.B., M.V.O., on the occasion of Sir Audley Neeld's eightieth birthday. There was a presentation, and the Duke of Beaufort made a short speech. The Earl of Westmorland is the fourteenth Earl. Lady Westmorland is the youngest daughter of the late Lord Ribblesdale, and was married in 1923.

Photograph by P. and A.P.

"loosed off"—literally, in a few sad cases, but on the whole escaped forfeit.

After a lot of chopping and changing, the scene of Wednesday's "show" was settled: the one and only appropriate one—to wit, Grittleton House. Perhaps the "lawn meet"—so rare as to be almost unique in this country—will subsequently figure in Lionel Edwards's series of pictures. Grittleton House is still simply congested with priceless Old Masters, in spite of one or two having made little trips across the herring-pond, and it will be difficult to find a spot for these modern pictures, without exposing them to the trying juxtaposition (good word that) of a Romney or a Rembrandt. Still, they will be interesting heirlooms.

News from Melton. The Cottesmore, in addition to showing very good sport, are having all the luck in

America's Golf Team.

By R. Endersby Howard.



Seven Strangers.

There were so few choices of first-class British professionals for the Ryder Cup match against the United States at Leeds in April that the team had to be (as it is) pretty much in accordance with my own and everybody else's sagely expressed anticipations. The picking of the American side must have been a task calling for far deeper thinking, since the resources of talent were tremendous. And if some of the selections surprise us, we can only suppose that the Americans have great faith in their rising generation. For instance, they have passed over William Mehlhorn, a frequent crusader to this country, who shared the lead with Mr. Bobby Jones at the end of the first half of the British open championship three years ago, and who recently won a big tournament in Texas. Yet they have nominated seven men who, on this occasion, will be paying their first visit to our shores, and whose names are more or less strange to us. These seven are William Burke (Blind Brook, New York), Edward Dudley (unattached), Al Espinosa (Illinois, West Glencoe), John Golden (Paterson, New Jersey), William Klein (Wheatley Hills, New York), Horton Smith (Sedalia, Missouri), and Joe Turnesa (Florida).

The Star Newcomer.

It is a rather remarkable state of affairs when we remember that every professional in the United States was keen to be a member of the expedition, which is being financed by a public subscription that looks like realising about £5000—or, at any rate, a good deal more than the sum needed. Apparently, at least half-a-dozen of the rejected players have decided to make the journey at their own expense, in the hope of distinguishing themselves in the British open championship if they cannot secure places in the American team. Of the detachment of great unknowns who have been chosen, the only one who has seriously attracted the attention of golfers in this country is Horton Smith. He is twenty-three years of age, and he won the first important tournament of the winter season in the Southern States, beating Walter Hagen by a stroke. The event was held at Catalina Island, about two hours' voyage by steamer from Los Angeles, and a very picturesque little world which Mr. William Wrigley has been able to purchase in its

entirety as part of his reward for inducing the American people and others to chew his gum.

Hagen's Typical Effort.

I am assured that we shall be greatly impressed by Horton Smith. He is declared to be the best young player that the United States has produced for several years, and that is saying a lot. His success at Catalina Island was very nearly frustrated by a typical effort on the part of Hagen, who, after taking seven strokes for the first hole in his final round (it was

putting. I wonder how it is that the best American players have reduced this department of the game to something of a mathematical formula? Allowing themselves about thirty-two putts in a round, they seem to keep to the standard by a sheer mental process of telling themselves that they simply must do it: that they must lay a chip dead if they cannot hole a long putt.

The other new-Names—and Good Ones. comes to the American side are unheralded and unsung in this country. Turnesa (like

Gene Sarazen, the son of Italian emigrants who settled in the United States) tied for fourth place in last year's American open championship. He did even better in 1926, when he was second to Mr. Bobby Jones for the title, beaten by a stroke. And yet his name is shrouded in unfamiliarity, for he has never been to this country, and even runners-up on the other side of the Atlantic count for no more than they do here. I understand that Espinosa is of Mexican origin, which makes him romantic. He has been twelfth in the American championship; but to golfers here he is merely an interesting name. That is true of the other new choices. It is rather curious that, while the United States amateurs are very disinclined to throw over their old selections for international golf (it was a stock company that gained a record victory over the British amateurs in last season's Walker Cup match at Chicago), the professionals appear to have a zest for the exploitation of talent that wants to taste blood.

Captains in Conflict?

It will be obviously the thing for Hagen, as captain, to play at the top of the invading team, and I hope that George Duncan, the British captain, will put himself at the head of the home side. If he has any qualms as to the nicety of such a proceeding, he ought to submit the matter to his own men and ask them to vote as to the order in which they should play—a proceeding which has been suggested in connection with the Oxford and Cambridge teams. This is just the game that Duncan might be inspired to win. And I do not know anybody else who would beat Hagen, as Duncan did at Wentworth two years ago. There are four other former choices in the United States contingent. With some confidence we could, I think, leave Johnny Farrell, the present American open champion, to Archie Compston; Gene Sarazen to Charles Whitcombe; Al Watrous to Abe Mitchell; and Leo Diegel to T. H. Cotton. A great deal will depend upon the order of play.



A KEEN GOLFER, WELL KNOWN ON FRINTON AND VALESCURE COURSES: MRS. HERBERT CLAYTON, WIFE OF THE WELL-KNOWN THEATRICAL PRODUCER.

Mrs. Herbert Clayton is the wife of Mr. Herbert Clayton, the well-known theatrical manager, who, in partnership with Mr. Jack Waller, has produced an unparalleled series of successful musical plays. The first was "No, No, Nanette," and the latest example is the popular "Virginia." Mrs. Clayton who is of Belgian parentage, is a keen golfer, and plays both at Frinton and Valescure. The latter course is near St. Raphael, where she and Mr. Clayton have a villa. [Photograph by Janet Jevons.]

a competition of four rounds by score play), received the information that he needed to do the last four holes in nine strokes in order to win. His figures were 3, 3, 2, 2. He tried for a 1 at the eighteenth hole, and missed it by a few inches. A fearful and wonderful man is Hagen in desperate situations, and he has since amply atoned for failing to secure that one. Still, he has been hard pressed several times by Horton Smith, who evidently possesses the qualities that go to the making of a champion. For one thing, he hardly ever wastes a stroke in



YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH— WHY NOT YOUR MOUTH?

KEEPING your mouth clean is just as important as keeping your teeth clean. Hidden in crevices where no toothbrush can reach are tiny specks of grease and decayed food matter — harbouring germs that can ruin your teeth and your health. Milton moves these specks and germs, but no toothbrush can. Rinsing the mouth with Milton in water once or twice a day will keep your mouth and teeth fresh, clean and free from infection.

Clean your false teeth with Milton, too. Just leave them in it overnight, and in the morning—they're gleaming, clean—*really* clean—made like new!



**MILTON
CLEANS
YOUR
FALSE TEETH—
AND YOUR MOUTH**



*We insist on
your being satisfied!*

If in the rush and excitement of Xmas a gift from Ciro's was offered you, and you think that you would like to change it, for no matter what reason, please do not hesitate. Perhaps you would like a longer or shorter necklet, or one with larger or smaller pearls, or a sapphire in your ring instead of an emerald. No matter what the exchange may be, call at any of our branches or write to us.

Ciro Pearls

178 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
48 OLD BOND STREET, W. 120 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

MANCHESTER LIVERPOOL BIRMINGHAM GLASGOW
14 ST. ANN'S SQ. 25 CHURCH ST. 121 NEW ST. 95 BUCHANAN ST
EDINBURGH BRISTOL DUBLIN
(Jenners) (J. F. Taylor, Ltd.) (Switzers)

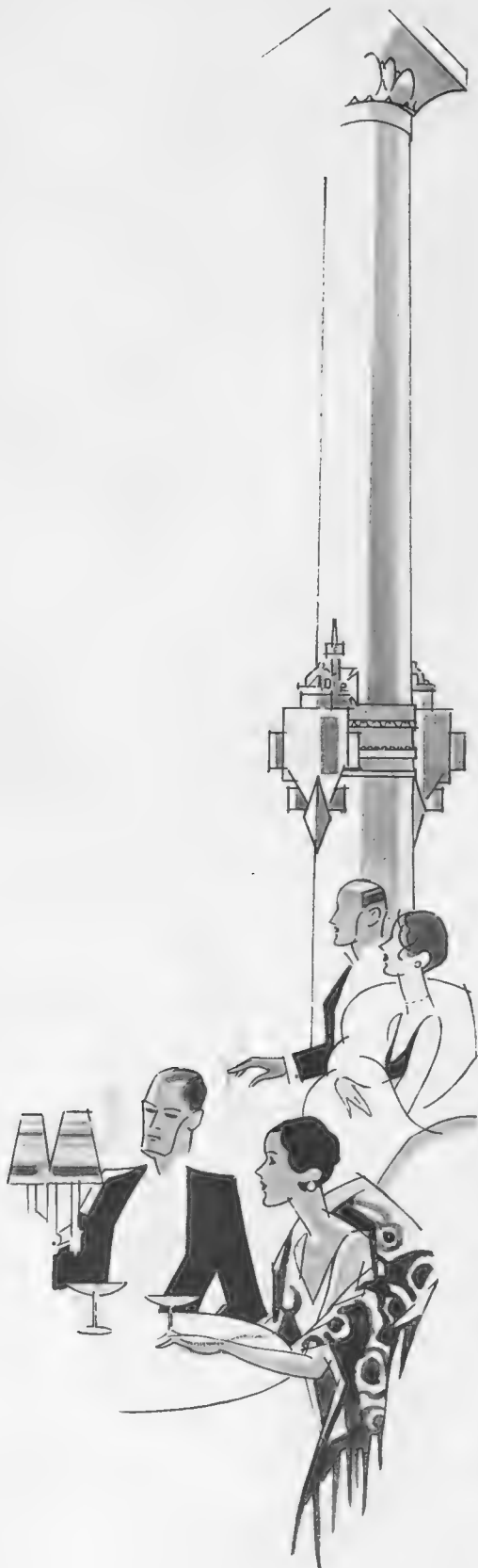
Beautifully White— Beautifully Waved

THERE is appealing beauty in the quiet dignity of this charming study of White Hair recently Waved at the Eugène Salons.

Neither the silky softness nor the snowy whiteness of the hair is impaired—a tribute alike to the gentle, sympathetic nature of the Eugène Method and to the skill and experience of the artists of the Eugène Salons.

Many other examples of Eugène Waving are illustrated in our Folio of Photographs.

May we send you a copy, post free? Or, if preferred, our Consultant will be pleased to advise by appointment and without obligation on any matters relating to the permanent waving of your hair.



EUGÈNE

Salons

23, GRAFTON ST., BOND ST., W.1

TELEPHONE: GERR. 0302/3



The Eugène Method is used by the best Ladies' Hairdressers everywhere. To make sure you are receiving the genuine Eugène Wave see this Trade Mark on every genuine Eugène Sachet.

PARIS · NEW YORK · BERLIN · SYDNEY

FIRST
INTER

Frivolities

Chic Accessories for the South.

Paris has prepared for the South a million exquisite things—all intriguing and clever. There are, for example, ravishing scarfs which, in the evening, flutter on bare shoulders. There are mufflers for motoring; they are of soft kasha in assorted colours to match the shade of the motor. In one corner of the muffler, like a crest, appears embroidered the name of the make of the car which Madame drives so courageously. There are handbags innumerable. This winter has returned to vogue the flat envelope pocket-book that is made of leather the tone of the costume, and on which scintillate gold bindings. I have seen also ravishing bags of antelope, supple and adorably feminine. They are embellished with marcassite and they bear the reputed signature of Yendis. Black, in velvet, faille, and satin, is also *très à la mode*. Nothing seems to me more *habillé* for the evening gown. The monogram in diamonds, posed in the centre, is the only ornament of these bags, of which the dimensions are, however, very moderate. And yet how many frivolities a woman carries in her evening bag! First, the cigarette-lighter—the lighter that comprises also, now, the lipstick and the vanity watch. Then the champagne frother, that is carried in a case of enamel which might be mistaken for a cigarette-holder. Next, the perfume atomiser with which one moistens the lobe of the ear. The rouge-box, the powder-compact, the eyebrow-pencil, the handkerchief, the keys, the

fetiches—ah, the fetiches, affecting the form of a hunchback, of the number thirteen, of an aeroplane! What good luck these bring! Or at least how one believes in their ability to bring fortune!

Finally, the frivolity that promises to be

very smart is the massive gold chain necklace, worn with the morning *tailleur*, with the simple sports-outfit, or with the formal toilette of supple velvet, with flounces that give to the woman the appearance of a charming and fragile flower.

JULIETTE LANCRET.



THREE BAGS
BY YENDIS

JEWELS
FROM OREUM



Modern travelling impedimenta have reached the maximum of comfort and minimum of luggage with this Revelation suit-case, which contracts and expands according to your needs.

A very pale, delicate duck's-egg blue is the latest fashionable shade—much lighter than last season's Chanel creation, but softer than the Cambridge nuance. Pure lime-green is also smart, and a curious pink-cyclamen which is very striking, but can be worn only by a few, chiefly of the brunette, rose-complexioned type. Plain satin or printed chiffon are the favoured materials for the evening, and crêpe-de-Chine patterned with tiny flowers is to be seen for the simple little robe d'après-midi.

Modes for the South.

Riviera fashions are engaging the attention of the Paris couturiers at the moment. They are showing the inevitable little jumper suits in crêpe-de-Chine decorated with tucks and geometrical insertions of a darker shade. The clear, light colours reflect the gay atmosphere of the Côte d'Azur. A

shoulder, while the front of the frock is left undecorated and relies for effect on the originality and beauty of its line.

Coats for the Blue Train.

Two excellent answers to the query appear at the foot of the page. The fact that they hail from Aquascutum, Regent Street, is a guarantee of their wear- and weather-resisting qualities. The coat on the right

neat-looking suit-case, comfortably containing all one's trousseau? Those who wish to save time and temper will choose the latter alternative, which can be satisfied by the simple expedient of a "Revelation."

Revelation suit-cases, as everyone knows, expand and contract obligingly, so as to contain exactly all one's possessions. The leather models are priced from £3 10s. for the 20 in. by 14 in. size; those in vulcanised fibre from £1 10s. Attaché-cases, dressing-cases, and suit-case trunks are also obtainable, either from the Revelation show-rooms, 170, Piccadilly, or from any of their agents.

Care of the Complexion While En Route.

Englishwomen as a whole have not, unfortunately, the reputation of being good travellers—"good," that is, in the sense of being able to look their best under the trying conditions of a journey. Yet the few exceptional women who can survive unscathed the ordeal of passing eighteen hours or more in an overheated, dusty, sooty train are performing an enormous service to their fellow-passengers and are certain of receiving their admiration and envy. There is no greater friend to the traveller in this connection than a bottle of Beetham's Lait Larola. It is an excellent idea for a longish journey to fill a bottle of this delightful complexion milk with cotton-wool. This will absorb all the liquid, so that no harm can come to one's clothes even if the bottle should break, while the soaked morsels of cotton-wool can be wiped over the face, hands, and neck at frequent intervals, in order to remove all dust and dirt.

The old way of travelling, overburdened with parcels and rugs, is a thing of the past, for modern woman uses a Revelation suit-case, such as the compact affair opposite.

Englishwomen as a whole have not, unfortunately, the reputation of being good travellers—"good," that is, in the sense of being able to look their best under the trying conditions of a journey. Yet the few exceptional women who can survive unscathed the ordeal of passing eighteen hours or more in an overheated, dusty, sooty train are performing an enormous service to their fellow-passengers and are certain of receiving their admiration and envy. There is no greater friend to the traveller in this connection than a bottle of Beetham's Lait Larola. It is an excellent idea for a longish journey to fill a bottle of this delightful complexion milk with cotton-wool. This will absorb all the liquid, so that no harm can come to one's clothes even if the bottle should break, while the soaked morsels of cotton-wool can be wiped over the face, hands, and neck at frequent intervals, in order to remove all dust and dirt.



A crowd of dusty, jaded faces emerge from the train after a long journey; but the one which always stands out fresh and charming belongs to the woman who has Beetham's La Rola as her constant travelling companion.

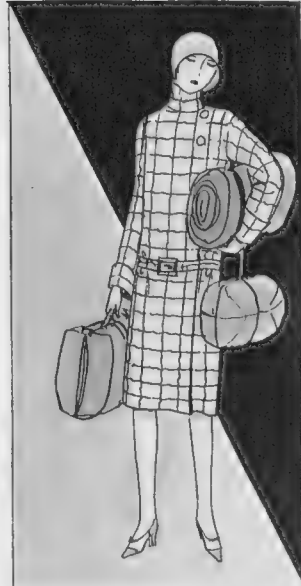
is expressed in flecked tweed, and has many details which recommend it as a travelling companion. It is cut on roomy lines, which give comfort while detracting nothing from the smartness, the ampleur of the sleeves being confined by neat tucks just above the cuff. The deep patch pockets are a great boon on the journey, and the neat scarf collar gives warmth without collecting dust. Its price is 7 guineas. The companion coat, suitable alike for travelling and the chillier moments after arrival, is of gun-club check tweed with a collar of dyed squirrel. The pleats, which appear on the revers and again on the cuffs, are a point of interest. A long pleat is also found at either side of the back. This coat, which is lined throughout with silk, is obtainable from 14 guineas.

The Riviera Calling the British Isles.

To-day and to-morrow, and throughout the next few weeks, thousands of fortunate mortals will be engaged in packing their trunks for this exodus in search of sunshine. Whether the destination is the Cannes to Monte Carlo littoral, or a fascinating newly "discovered" village on the Italian coast; whether the means of transport be the Blue Train or one of less exalted colour, one thing at least is a common necessity to all travellers—a suit-case. Before one can decide what to pack one must consider what to pack it in. Shall it be an over-filled suit-case, precariously held together by yet one more strap, and supplemented by a rug-draped bundle containing the extras for which, at the last minute, no other place can be found? Or shall it be a single,



A smart travelling coat of gun-club check tweed collared with dyed squirrel, built by Aquascutum, of 100, Regent Street, W.



A useful coat for the journey in flecked tweed from Aquascutum. The large patch pockets and scarf collar are very practical.



Lady Maud Warrender sees a Woman's dearest wish fulfilled!

MY attention has been drawn to the serious aspect of the loss of youth and of beauty to men and women who depend upon their looks for their wage earning. Sagging skin and wrinkles come to everyone, and to thousands they mean tragedy, the tragedy of losing their job. In the case of actresses, especially in film work, the marks of age are fatal.

equally was that the effect is permanent. Once this glorious appearance of youth has been recaptured it remains.

I was also deeply grateful to the specialist for showing me bad cases of malformed noses and protruding ears which he had transformed into normal features, thus saving their owners much hidden suffering and allowing them to take their places in life without this handicap.

This treatment is so simple and so safe that I can foresee the time coming soon when a visit to the consulting-room of the Hystogen Institute, 40, Baker Street, London, W.1, will be as much a part of life as going to the dentist, except that it is quite simple and pleasant.

Mussolini has said that it would be a good thing if all the women in Italy who showed any signs of age had their faces lifted. Since seeing the work at the Hystogen Institute I recommend this thought to English women.

A well-known doctor has said that face-lifting is a work of national importance—it restores so much joy and happiness to life.

One thing should be noted, said the specialist. Although deep, age-old furrows are removed at any age, it is better for every woman to go at once for treatment as soon as the skin shows the least crease or slackness. I am certain that they will be overjoyed at the result.

Maud Warrender

Most women who attempt to remove such marks of age from their faces sooner or later realise how impossible the task is. I am, therefore, glad to find that the mental suffering of those women who have tried in vain to eradicate the wrinkles and signs of old age is totally unnecessary. *They can regain their lost looks.* I have just investigated the latest scientific method of rejuvenating the face by painless and scarless cosmetic surgery at the Hystogen Institute, 40, Baker Street, London, W.1, and I am completely astonished at the results. I interviewed the specialist with the wonder-working hands and he introduced to me cases actually under treatment, and also others he had treated some considerable time ago.

I found that deep-seated furrows between the eyes, crowsfeet under the eyes, wrinkles on the forehead, lines from nose to mouth and loose skin on the neck had all been banished and the soft, rounded contours of youth restored. What surprised me



Patent No. 285590.
Design No. 725716.

The brassière for all occasions

Wear a Kestos Brassière. Wear it constantly and the most strenuous occasions will cease to cause you embarrassment or discomfort. The Kestos Brassière holds the bust gently yet firmly in the natural position, giving a neat, exact support.

A light and delicately made piece of lingerie, the Kestos will not be noticed under the flimsiest gown.

The KESTOS
BRASSIERE Regd.

Obtainable from your usual retailer.

Kestos Ltd., 257-259, Oxford Street, London, W.1.



FOR 136 YEARS

Rowland's Macassar Oil has been recognised as the Best Preparation for the Hair. It nourishes, strengthens and promotes the growth of Fine, Silky Hair. You will notice an improvement after using it a short time. Sold in 3/6, 7/- and 10/6 bottles, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and



Rowland's
Macassar Oil

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD. 112, Guilford St. LONDON W.C.1

THE LAST TO LEAVE.

(Continued from page 200.)

He ascended the stairs a shade heavily and opened the door of Wells's room. Of course there was nothing there. This was the last time he'd see the old room. It looked bare, and as if it were laid out for burial, old and tired, reconciled to being a part of a heap of rubble a few hours later. What weird, tiny sounds there were! Just then, for example, as if there were people whispering. Yes, it sounded like whispering; but a whisper was a sound made by human agency—a house could not whisper; yet for a fleeting second he entertained the possibility that there might be something neither human nor composed of bricks and mortar which might make a noise that could be likened to a whisper, for lack of a more precise word—a very far-carrying conception which he half-succeeded in repressing. He tip-toed

outside his room? Well, have I? Why should I call them steps? Instead of just vague, indeterminate—vague, indeterminate what? He got up again to distract his thoughts from their fuddled peregrinations, and went to have a last look at his mantelpiece, a masterpiece of its period, about which those who had expert knowledge of such things were enthusiastic. What would be its latter end? It belonged to the ground landlord, and he'd probably sell it to a Yank; and it would end up in Park Avenue—and why not? He liked Yanks, admired their taste, and, in certain moods, preferred them to his own ruddy countrymen. That chap who'd been sketching No. 5 for the *Sunday Budget* had passed his hand up and down the embossed detail of the mantelpiece, and told him he got a sharp, sensuous delight from such a contact. Very possible and plausible. Let him

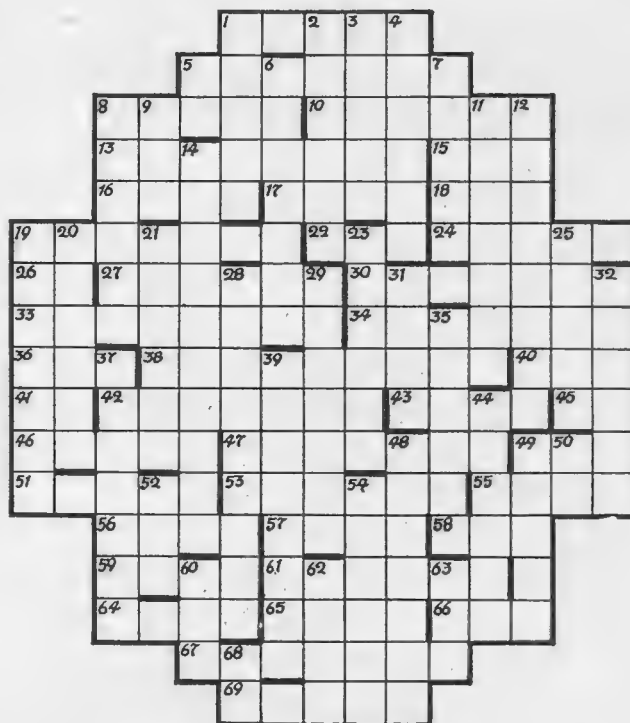
the house must have wrenched the latch out of true. And then in came the fog, questingly and waveringly, like a lady curtsying into a Throne Room. And in with it came that whispering, so that Arnott had a horrible impression that he was no longer alone in his room. He *must, must, must* fight his way down. Could he? Dared he? He must! Never mind his hat and coat. To be outside—that was everything. But supposing he ran down and fumbled with the latch of the front door! Fumbled and fumbled, and those steps kept coming down those last two flights! Would he be able to open it in time and dash outside? To be outside—that was everything. He had just poised himself to run when there came a dreadful, ripping rending. And then there was a second's pause, and then he felt himself flung forward and down, and plaster poured on to him. The window crashed outward,

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

THE LANGUAGE OF ROMANCE. (No. 2.)

ACROSS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. A dashing fellow in romance. | 38. Where the 53 Across of romance often fled for protection. |
| 5. Sprites in tales of fairy. | 40. Like this is very much. |
| 8. Four rivers in England. | 41. Perfection. |
| 10. A word associated with the Scottish clans. | 42. A place in Arthurian romance. |
| 13. A Stevenson romance. | 43. Cripple. |
| 15. Metal in the raw. | 45. One of the U.S.A. |
| 16. Soon in romance. | 46. A succession of notes to be sung in one syllable. |
| 17. Break. | 47. Figure in crusading romance. |
| 18. Little devil of romance. | 49. Indian and Portuguese. |
| 19. Swear falsely. | 51. A "father" of Russian reform. |
| 22. High voice. | 53. A coward in romance. |
| 24. Behar's other half. | 55. "The Deemster" is a this romance. |
| 26. Upper Canada. | 56. Quintessence. |
| 27. Scene of the Rubaiyat. | 57. Likewise in old English. |
| 30. "My love is like an . . . tree." | 58. Cry. |
| 33. A stronghold in romance. | |
| 34. Turn to stone. | |
| 36. Honour in Science. | |



ACROSS—(Continued.)

- | | |
|---|----------------------------------|
| 59. A place in Napoleonic romance. | 65. Promontory. |
| 61. Fill the mind completely. | 66. Goddess of mischief. |
| 64. Night this was once a special kind of robe. | 67. Stretch. |
| | 69. "... flat and unprofitable." |

DOWN.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. "From which no traveller returns." | 25. Pertaining to Kōran-copyists. |
| 2. Near Hamburg. | 28. A major-domo of the romantic age. |
| 3. A goddess. | 29. Another place in Arthurian romance. |
| 4. Delighted, in romance. | 31. 480 sheets. |
| 5. Hie in romance. | 32. Grammar. |
| 6. Achilles' little romance. | 35. Exercises. |
| 7. Indifferent to pleasure and pain. | 37. Part of ship. |
| 8. Steep slopes in romance. | 39. Trumpets in romance. |
| 9. Colour. [mance.] | 44. Furthest from the outside. |
| 11. Every 33 Across contained one. | 48. An estate in romance. |
| 12. Unfair favouritism. | 49. Architectural feature. |
| 14. Where test matches were played in the days of romance. | 50. Preposition. [ture.] |
| 19. Praising extravagantly. | 52. Unguent. |
| 20. Game of cards. | 54. Is the weaker |
| 21. Goods thrown overboard. | 60. Order. [woman?] |
| 23. A Gulliver land. | 62. Greek letter. |
| | 63. The kind of dog that's rather gay |
| | 68. Exists. |

back to his room in a stealthy way which his common-sense derided, but his nerves dictated, and once again tried to lash his mind back to those numerals and abstractions which faded out with such craven obsequiousness at the suggestion of these small, uncertain sounds. How hard it is, he tried not to tell himself, to concentrate when one is expecting—well, not exactly *expecting*—some new little interruption. And concentration becomes impossible when that diluted kind of expectation is fulfilled, for if those soft tappings were not made by someone coming down the stairs from the floor above—well, what the devil were they? Now they seemed to have paused just outside his door, just outside. Acting on a sudden and, he realised, ill-advised impulse, he picked up a box of matches and flung it at the door, and then was very angry with himself for having done so; for a person only did a thing like that to drive someone or something away—or to reassure oneself that there was nothing to drive away—no one or nothing to startle. And then, insidiously, the echo of the manager's remark came back to his mind: "When I've stayed late, I've thought I heard sounds sometimes"; and, unlike me, thought Arnott, had the guts to disregard them; but I wonder if he heard steps coming down the stairs and halting

see if he got any such sensation. Yes, he did. It was exquisitely smooth, silky—in a way feminine—and warm, yes, most curiously warm. And then he remembered how that person had been surprised to find that sort of cowed head screened in the foliage, and had said he'd never seen a more or less conventional floral design of this period housing any such sly intruder—a joke on the part of the carver, he had considered it. He'd feel that too. And then he swung his hand back sharply. Good God! It seemed red hot. Yet he'd turned his electric stove off an hour since. Well, his imagination was running away with him. He'd better chuck work and be off. It was natural enough to be a little fallaciously percipient on his last night in the old house. Good heavens! there was another of those frightful rending sounds, and then he felt something drop lightly on his head, and he looked up. Yes, that was plaster falling, and that rent in the ceiling had suddenly stretched six inches. The house was on its last legs, dying slowly—perhaps not so slowly, considering that plaster and that extending crack above him. And then there was a sharp metallic tap, and his door wavered uncertainly for a moment, and then swung on its hinges with a decisive and final muted crash. That last settling down of

his light-bulb swung wildly and shattered, and he was hurled through a splintered wall, his arms flung out beseechingly. And as he dropped through space, a fleeting thought came to him: "That was how they said it would go"—and then he was prone on his back, and a welter of bricks, desks, chairs, and tiles splashed wildly down beside him.

His escape was always afterwards described as a "miracle," for he was absolutely untouched. The debris rained down beside him, but not one particle touched a hair of his head. For a moment he lost consciousness, and then for a second or two came to himself. He saw the dust rising up to meet and mingle curiously with the fog, and it seemed to him that out from the piled ruin two little cowed figures stepped delicately, and that one of these figures hesitated for a moment, and then turned back and came and looked down on him; and the impression he received was that he was regarded very benignly and gently and sweetly, and, as it were, said good-bye to something which gazed for a long, deep second into his eyes, and then slipped down the court and disappeared. An illusion, probably, for he had sustained slight concussion, and was unconscious for three hours.

THE END.



By appointment to Their
Majesties the
King & Queen
of Spain.

D.M. Dally



FOR EXQUISITE HANDS AN EXQUISITE SOAP

White hands, delicately soft to touch, it seems natural that they should have always that faint, rare fragrance. It is the soap of Spain, pure olive-oil and scent of rare mountain flowers, that keeps exquisite the hands of an exquisite lady.

TOILET GAL SOAP

Sold by Harrods', Gamage's,
Barker's, Selfridge's, Swan
& Edgar's, Whiteley's,
Haymarket Stores, Army
& Navy Stores, Boots,
Timothy White's.



Also by Parkes Chemists
and all leading Chemists,
Druggists, Stores and good
Hairdressers everywhere.
1/- per tablet; box of three
for 2/9.

Furs—on Deferred Terms

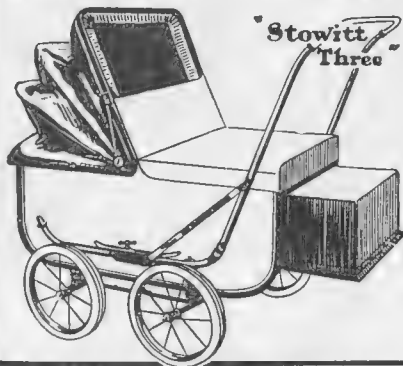
To meet the convenience of our clients we have arranged that any purchase may, if desired, be paid for in twelve equal monthly payments, at an extra charge of only 5% on ordinary cash prices. No deposit is required, and delivery is made on payment of first instalment.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on request.

NATIONAL FUR COMPANY LTD

Fur Specialists since the year 1878.
193, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W. 3.

The Bed is **38** inches Long!



"Stowitt Three" is a Pram of the first quality, built compactly but with a high regard for Baby's comfort. Rigid body, folding handle, faultless "Velvet Coil" springs, thick cushion tyres, all of the very best. Ideal for travelling because it occupies but little space; and yet the bed is wide, deep, cosy—and 38 inches long. Price £5-15-6. Please write for Booklet No. 67.

JOHN WARD Ltd.
26, Knightsbridge,
London S.W. 1.

JOHN WARD'S New Compact Pram



The Hall-Mark of Quality.

GRANT'S "BEST PROCURABLE" Absolutely!

WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD.,
The Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet
Distilleries, DUFFTOWN,
82, Gordon Street, GLASGOW.
98, Gt. Tower Street, LONDON, E.C.3.
London Agents
for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch:
Messrs. HEDGES & BUTLER, Ltd.,
Wine Merchants to H.M. The King,
153, Regent Street, W.1.



BORDIGHERA

HOTEL HESPERIA

Full South. Garden. Latest installation. Self-contained suites
Extremely comfortable.
Pension terms: 40 to 55 Liras.

HOTEL MIRAMARE

The Hotel with every modern equipment. Sheltered situation. Superb Sea views. Private apartments. Terrace.
Pension terms: 35 to 50 Liras.

MENTON HOTEL DE VENISE

Stay at the VENISE—the Best.

BEAULIEU-S.-MER.

Between Nice and Monte Carlo.

BEDFORD & SAVOY HOTELS

Latest Comfort. Full South. On the Sea. Suites and Rooms with Pension.
TENNIS - GARAGE - PARK 3 ACRES - CASINO.

SONG POEMS WANTED.—Successful Composer invites known or unknown Authors to submit Lyrics for prompt consideration.—Send MSS. and Stamp, "Composer" (166) c/o Rays Advt. Agency, Cecil Court, London, W.C.2.

STRAND. (Gerr. 3830).

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL."

JULIA NEILSON and FRED TERRY.

Evenings at 8.

Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

INLAND

1929.

CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 3s. 3d.
Six Months, £1 10s. 6d. (including Christmas Number, £1 12/10)
Three Months, 15/3 (or including Christmas Number, 17s. 8d.)

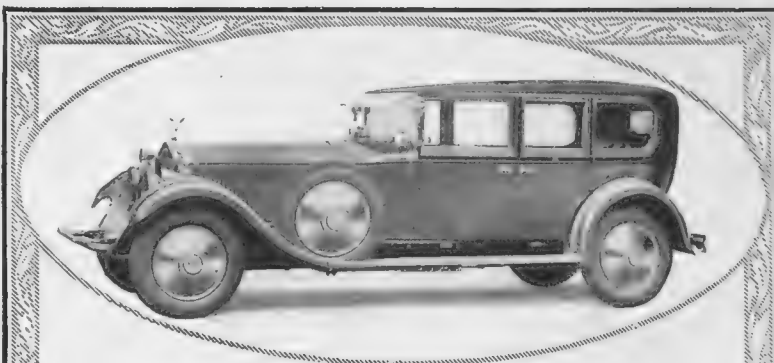
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 os. 11d.
Six Months, £1 9/3 (or with Christmas Number £1 11s. 8d.)
Three Months, 14s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number, 17s.)

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 12s. 4d.
Six Months, £1 15s. (including Christmas Number, £1 17/6)

Three Months, 17s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number, £1 os. 0d.)

Remittances may be made by cheque, payable to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., and crossed "The National Provincial Bank, Ltd." and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH LTD., of Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.



DIGNITY AND UTILITY

Our illustration shows Thrupp & Maberley coach-work mounted on 40/50 Rolls-Royce chassis. The wire wheels are entirely enclosed by Ace Super Discs.

ACE SUPER WHEEL DISCS ELIMINATE SPOKE CLEANING

The AUTOCAR says: "No one will deny that there is an added air of distinction about a superb closed car, gliding along silently through the streets, when the spokes of its wheels are hidden from view by neat disc coverings. Yet the enhancement of appearance is not by any means the only virtue of the disc."

SUPPLIED BY ALL LEADING AGENTS AND COACHBUILDERS.

CORNERCROFT, LTD., Ace Works, COVENTRY.

SUPER Ace DISCS

HARRODS PIANO SALE

BEGINS MONDAY, FEB. 4th

ACKNOWLEDGED Leaders in the World of Music agree that Harrods lead in the Piano World. Eminent Pianists and Conductors advise you to choose the best you can afford, to choose where choice is widest, comparison is easiest, satisfaction sure—in other words, to choose at Harrods.

Choosing at Harrods is made even more attractive by this wonderful Sale. There are hundreds of second-hand, slightly used and shop-soiled Upright, Grand and Player Pianos, all genuinely and generously reduced in price.

Write for Piano Sale issue of 'Harrods News'—post free!

Here are some of the Bargains

MAKER.	SALE PRICE GNS.	Quarterly Payments
CRAMER Ebonised Pianette. Height 3 ft. 8 ins., compass 7 octaves, ivory keys. Second-hand.	16	12 of £1.10.9
IBACH (Upright) Figured Walnut Case. Height 4 ft. 4 ins., overstrung, ivory keys. Second-hand.	36	12 of £3. 9.3
BECHSTEIN (Upright) Ebonised Case. Overstrung, underdamper action, 7½ octaves. Refinished as new.	55	12 of £5. 6.0
BLÜTHNER (Upright) Rosewood Case. Height 4 ft. 2 ins., ivory keys, overstrung. Second-hand.	57	12 of £5. 9.9
STEINWAY (Upright) Vertegrand in Ebonised Case. Height 4 ft. 4 ins., compass 7½ octaves, ivory keys. Second-hand.	88	12 of £8. 9.3
BECHSTEIN (Grand) Ebonised Case on three turned legs. Length 6 ft. 6 ins., compass 7½ octaves, ivory keys. Second-hand.	78	12 of £7.10.3
PLEYEL (Grand) Rosewood Case on three square legs. Length 6 ft. 6 ins., compass 7½ octaves, ivory keys. Second-hand.	85	12 of £8. 3.9
CRAMER (Grand) Rosewood Case on twin legs. Length 5 ft. 2 ins., ivory keys. From hire.	88	12 of £8. 9.3
STEINWAY Boudoir Grand in Rosewood Case on three fluted legs. Length 6 ft. 10 ins., overstrung, ivory keys. Second-hand.	98	12 of £9. 8.6
WEBER Pianola Piano in Mahogany Case. Height 4 ft. 4 ins., overstrung, compass 7½ octaves. Full-scale, Themodist, Metrostyle, Pneumatic tracking, Divided Levers. Second-hand.	92	12 of £8.17.3
MARSHALL & ROSE Angelus Player-Piano Ebonised Case. Height 4 ft. 5 ins., compass 7½ octaves, ivory keys. Full-scale. Equipped with Melodant, Phrasing Lever, etc. As new.	98	12 of £9. 8.6

PAY AS YOU PLAY If you do not feel inclined to pay outright for your instrument take advantage of Harrods straightforward Deferred Terms. The Piano will be delivered to you on payment of the first quarterly instalment. The balance is payable in eleven further quarterly instalments of the same amount. You deal with Harrods, and Harrods only, throughout the transaction.

YOUR PIANO DELIVERED FREE

If you live within the wide radius of Harrods Motor Delivery Service, Harrods will deliver your Piano free to your door; alternatively the instrument will be packed and sent carriage paid to any Goods Station in England or Wales.

CHANGE YOUR MIND—CHANGE YOUR PIANO

Every Piano in this Sale is guaranteed to give satisfaction, and should any fail to do so, Harrods will gladly exchange it within three months of purchase. As will be seen, this is tantamount to purchase on approval, as during this period an exchange may be made without charge of any kind.

HARRODS WILL TAKE YOUR OLD PIANO IN PART EXCHANGE

Pianos, Ground Floor



"You cannot do better . . . than place yourself in the hands of a firm like Harrods and avail yourself of the tremendous advantages attaching to a collection of instruments and a service of experts which, so far as my knowledge takes me, cannot be bettered in Britain."

SIR LANDON RONALD



"I am convinced that a representative collection of the instruments made by leading firms and presented in spacious rooms, is an essential asset in selecting the Piano best suited to one's purposes. Harrods offer these ideal conditions, and in addition you have the advantage of experts' advice."

V. CERNIKOFF



"I am astonished at Harrods' wonderful show of Pianofortes. Surely all difficulties in choosing a Piano are dispelled in your showrooms, where facilities are extended to hear these instruments under the same acoustic conditions, and where expert advice is given so freely to assist one's judgment."

ALBERT COATES

HARRODS LTD



"If one has not had the opportunity of experience the next best thing is to go to a first-class firm where only first-class instruments are kept and are looked after by experts. Harrods are always ready to place their experience at your disposal."

MARK HAMBOURG



"I consider it preferable always to purchase the highest possible grade of Piano. Undoubtedly Harrods choice of instruments is vast and comprehensive, and the advice and help of their expert knowledge must be of incalculable benefit."

L. POUSHNOFF



"During a visit to Harrods Showrooms . . . there were magnificent examples from all the pianoforte firms that I could mention. It is the greatest boon to be able to compare these various makes side by side without having the inconvenience of a shop to shop inspection."

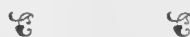
DR. MALCOLM SARGENT
LONDON SW 1

A Golden Opportunity for Artists.

£100

IS OFFERED BY "THE SKETCH" FOR A SUITABLE CHRISTMAS NUMBER COVER DESIGN, in Full Colours.

This offer is open to all artists, and gives every man or woman ample scope for his or her particular talent, as there is no restriction in regard to style, subject, or treatment.



For the guidance of artists, we publish herewith small reproductions of what we consider the four most successful covers of recent years.



FOR THE GUIDANCE OF ARTISTS: THE FOUR MOST SUCCESSFUL "SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER COVERS OF RECENT YEARS

There is no limit as to the size of the originals that may be submitted, but the proportions of the cover of "THE SKETCH" must be retained, the Christmas Number covers being of the same size as the cover of the present issue.

Also, there need be no lettering on the designs, though it should be remembered that it will be necessary to add the usual lettering subsequently. Therefore, the Artist should treat his subject in such a way that this addition will not interfere with any important part of his picture.

CONDITIONS TO BE OBSERVED.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>(1) Any artist may send in any number of designs.</p> <p>(2) All designs must reach this office not later than the first post on March 12th, 1929. They should be addressed: Cover Designs, "The Sketch," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.</p> | <p>(3) Each drawing must bear the artist's name and address.</p> <p>(4) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final.</p> <p>(5) Proof of posting cannot be accepted as proof of receipt.</p> |
|--|--|

Designs, except the winning design and any reserved for future use (by arrangement with the artists), will be returned in due course, provided postage or carriage is prepaid by the senders; but the Editor will not be responsible for the loss of any design submitted or for any damage it may sustain while in his hands or in transit.

WONDERFUL VALUE IN PURE SILK MILANESE UNDERWEAR

ATTRACTIVE CHEMISE
in reliable pure silk Milaneze,
thoroughly recommended
for its washing and wearing
qualities, trimmed with
dainty lace insertion and
narrow shoulder straps of
self-material. In apricot,
lemon, cyclamen, mauve,
parchment, sky, coral, green,
black, hyacinth blue, pink
or ivory.

PRICE
15/9

DIRECTOIRE KNICKER
to match .. Price **18/9**

SLEEVELESS NIGHTDRESS
with V neck, trimmed narrow insertion
to match .. Price **29/6**

**Debenham
& Freebody.**
(INCORPORATED)
Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square), London, W1

Sent on approval.



*Photo. by
Peter North*

THE "VARDEN." Fine felt pull-on Hat with our new "Dolly Varden" brim.
Lined silk throughout. Sizes 6½ to 7½. Newest colours. Biscuit, Pink Beige,
Beige, Buff, Dark Beige, Beech, Golden Brown, Nigger, Grey, Silver, Apple,
Bottle, Wine, Navy, Lido, Black. Large size Head Fittings a speciality. Price **30/-**

*A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on re-
ceipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.*

No agents or branches, therefore their well-known
hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

ROBERT HEATH LTD.

ONLY ADDRESS: **37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1**
Sloane 3122.

THE MOST INTERESTING JIG-SAW PUZZLES ARE THE DELTA FINE CUT SERIES

REPRODUCTIONS IN COLOUR-PHOTOGRAVURE FROM
PICTURES BY WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS.



THE FIRST DRAW:
WITH THE OLD BERKELEY.

BY R. H. BUXTON.

250-Piece Puzzle - 8/6 Post Free.

16-PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 2d. POST FREE.

CONTAINING PARTICULARS OF PUZZLES, INCLUDING—
30-Piece 1/3 75-Piece 3/- 250-Piece 8/6 600-Piece 21/-
50 Piece 2/- 100-Piece 4/- 500-Piece 18/- 1000-Piece 33/-

To be obtained from all Booksellers, Stationers and Stores, or direct from the Publishers:

A. V. N. JONES & CO., LTD., 64, Fore St., London, E.C.2

AN ATTRACTIVE AND ORIGINAL TEA FROCK IN FIGURED CRÊPE-DE-CHINE

"STELLA."

**PRACTICAL TEA
FROCK** made in good
quality figured crêpe-de-
Chine over a Japanese
silk slip, introducing the
new bolero bodice, full
circular skirt with the
uneven line and finished
self bow and binds. In
a large range of patterns.

Special Price

£5 19 6

O.S. 21/- extra.

**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**
VERE-STREET-AND-OXFORD-STREET
LONDON W1

Sent on approval.





Illustrated Brochure
Post Free.

"The Park"

A light-weight flexible fur
felt, very suitable for riding
and winter sports.

Price 35/-

In the prevailing fawns and
browns. Sizes 6½, 6¾, 7, 7½.

Scotts
Ltd.

1 Old Bond Street, LONDON, W.1.

BAL DE LA COUTURE AT THE NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE

ON

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1929

20 FAMOUS ORCHESTRAS AND
JAZZ BANDS. : ATTRACTIONS :
MARCH OF THE MANNEQUINS.
RAFFLE OF 50 GOWNS OR COATS.

Entrance Fee : 100 Francs, including Raffle.

Reserved boxes at following prices :—

First Tier (8 seats) - - 3,000 Frs.

Second Tier (8 seats) - - 2,000 Frs.

Third Tier (10 seats) - - 1,500 Frs.

Third Tier (6 seats) - - 900 Frs.

Entrance Fee included.

Dress Circle - - - 100 Frs.

Without Entrance.

BOX OFFICES :—at the leading Hotels ; at the National
Opera House ; at 3, Rue de la Paix, Paris.

The EVAN WILLIAMS
HENNA
SHAMPOO

KEEPS THE
HAIR
YOUNG

used by PRETTY WOMEN all over the WORLD.
OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS.

Chaventre, 2890, Oxford St., W.1.

Sphere "Gripmor" Suspender



FLAT SIDES
Note the long flat sides
of this new rubber
button. Takes more
strands of the stock-
ings than any other
button. A double
gripping surface.

Your Corsets deserve
SPHERE GRIPMOR
The QUALITY Suspenders for QUALITY Corsets

HINDES HAIR
WAVERS

Ten minutes of HINDES
WAVERS whilst dressing
will keep the side hair
perfectly waved.

Let the "GREAT EIGHT" Help You when You Go to Paris and Berlin.

3

AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 4, Place du Molard, Geneva.

DUNBARS desirous of disposing
privately and
promptly of valuable old Pic-
tures and important Works of
Art should consult the well-
known firm of DUNBARS, who undertake
the sale (by private negotiation only) of Old
Masters, and other Works of Art of excep-
tional interest. Excellent prices are obtainable
from the leading Collectors and Art Buyers
of Europe and America.

DUNBARS, 43 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1
Private Agents for the sale of Old Masters & Works of Art.

Laugh as you read

"ONE AT A TIME"

By R. S. HOOPER

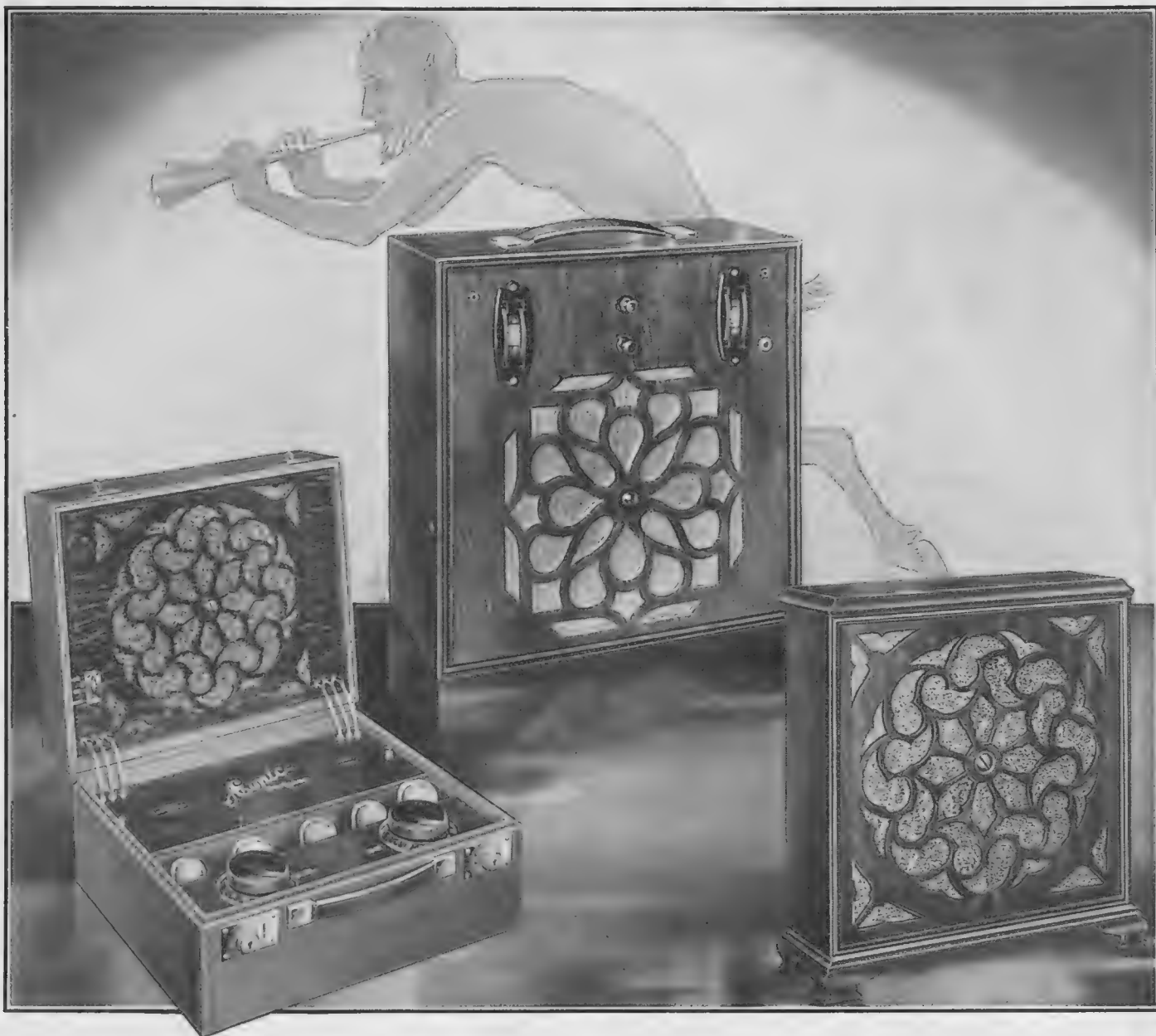
("Simple Simon" of EVE "The
Lady's Pictorial.")

Author of "And the Next"

THE FUNNIEST BOOK
OF THE YEAR

John Lane, The Bodley Head.
6s. net.

A E O N I C



Aeonic 5-Valve Radio Sets on "No Deposit" Terms

RADIO enthusiasts watch with the keenest interest all announcements made by Selfridge's famous Radio Department for the latest news of development in this great and fascinating science. Whether it is something new, or whether it is a determined effort to force prices down to a reasonable level—Selfridge's are always *first* with it, of course. The Radio Department now offers the new improved Aeonic Wireless Sets at the lowest "No Deposit" terms obtainable.

THESE reliable sets are simple to use, light in weight, and afford remarkable selectivity and choice of programmes. All the components are British made, including the Cone Loud Speaker which is built into the set. Walnut Cabinet or Suitcase model, CASH PRICE, each 16 gns.; or by 12 monthly payments of 29/6. 'Aeonic' Loud Speakers, Price, each 29/6. Carriage Paid in England and Wales.

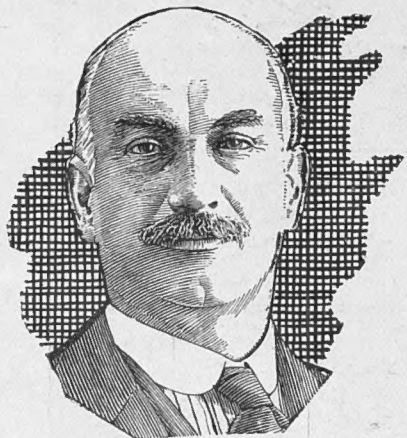
29'6

Radio and Television Department, or Radio Annexe, 101, Wigmore St.

GUARANTEE AND SERVICE COUPONS

With each set the manufacturers present a free book of Service Coupons to the value of 10/-, which entitle the holder to service from any wireless dealer in the event of attention being necessary. Moreover, there is also given a signed guarantee from the manufacturers covering the purchaser against manufacturing defects of undetected faulty materials that may become apparent within twelve months from the date of purchase.

SELF RIDGE'S



Sir Herbert Austin

K.B.E.

and the 12 hp. CLIFTON TOURER

PRICES:

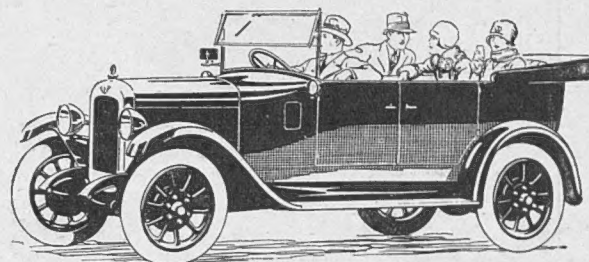
Austin "Seven" from £125
 Austin "Twelve" from £245
 Austin "Sixteen"
 "Light Six" from £295
 Austin "Twenty" from £395
 All front Screens of Triplex or Safety Glass.

BUY BRITISH GOODS.

Austin
 LONGBRIDGE
 WORKS
 BIRMINGHAM

LONDON DEPOTS:

Showrooms: 479-483, OXFORD STREET, W.I.
 Service Station and Showrooms: HOLLAND PARK HALL, W.II.



"WHEN the Clifton Tourer was designed I had built into it strength and stamina to withstand the constant stress and strain of hard daily service. That meant sound construction and the best of materials.

These qualities, which give to the Clifton amazing reliability and economy in running, have made this model an outstanding favourite with motorists—not

only in this country but in almost every part of the world.

In this car I have given you all you want in speed, power and comfort, and at the price of £245 it is unquestionably the finest Touring Car value obtainable to-day. Very roomy for five persons, the Clifton is generously equipped, and by virtue of its quality will always command the highest re-sale price."

Every Month 4^d READ the **AUSTIN MAGAZINE** 4^d Every Month

A.J.W.

This Offer CANNOT BE REPEATED

To introduce the superfine qualities of Wellsaline "Improved Process" Motor Oil to a further 1,000 motorists, we are supplying 1,000 5-Gallon Drums at bulk rates, 5/- per gallon—which is less than you pay for ordinary oil. Put up in a strong Drum (without the usual messy plug and tap) and the Oil Pump illustrated, presented FREE with first order. This pump usually sells for 7/-. Do not miss this opportunity, it cannot be repeated. Send your order with remittance to MATTHEW WELLS & CO., LTD. (Dept. I), "Wellsaline" Oil Works, MANCHESTER, or order through your usual Garage, stating Make, H.P., and date of Car.

London Office: 117, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4.

STANDARD GRADES 25/-
 SUPER-LUXE GRADES 27/6

Please send for a copy of new Booklet, "Wellsaline Wisdom."

Wellsaline
 Improved Process
MOTOR OIL
 Free from Wax—cannot gum up



By Appointment

★ **THIS PUMP
 FREE with
 first order**

**5 Gall.
 Drum
 for 25/-**
 Carriage Paid



Buy your set of K.L.G.'s
 in the new spares tin.

Recommended Types:

For the Austin, Essex, Humber, Singer, Bean, etc., Type J.I. For the Morris-Oxford and Morris-Cowley, Type G 2 (long reach). For the Rolls-Royce, Type K 1 R. 24/- the Set of Four.

"Fit and Forget."

K.L.G.
 SPARKING PLUGS

K.L.G. Sparking Plugs Ltd. Putney Vale, S.W.15. Telephone: Putney 2132 3.
 Sole Export Agents: Messrs. S. Smith & Sons (M.A.), Ltd.,
 Cricklewood, N.W.2.

"Passive" Exercise

THE NEW WAY TO SLIMNESS

Your daily fifteen minutes with the Savage Health Motor are as effortless and pleasant as any in the day — yet in those fifteen minutes you get all the exercise you need to keep you slim. For with its wonderful vibratory massage action, adjustable to give any pressure required, the Health Motor stimulates the circulation, tones up muscles, nerves and tissues, invigorates the entire system, and surely, safely, sanely, removes unhealthy fat.

Compact and portable, the Savage Health Motor can be used on any reasonably sturdy article of furniture with a flat top. Working from the ordinary lighting circuit, it is completely silent, safe and trouble free. Guaranteed unconditionally for 12 months.

For descriptive literature write :—

BEDINGTON LIDDIATT & CO., LTD., 4-7, CHISWELL STREET, LONDON, E.C.1.



The Savage Health Motor is approved by leading doctors and physical culture experts and has already been enthusiastically welcomed by leaders in the social and athletic worlds.

SAVAGE HEALTH MOTOR

Obtainable at department stores, sporting goods dealers, electric supply stores, medical supply stores and high-class beauty shops.

Harvey Nichols & Co Ltd.
Knightsbridge. S.W.1.

Telephone No. : Sloane 3440.



NEW MILANESE GOWNS FOR THE OUTSIZE FIGURE

Knit Wear Salon, First Floor

DISTINCTIVE MILANESE GOWN with front of contrasting colour, finely box-pleated from waist, and designed on long, becoming lines, which gives a very slimming effect; finished with belt and novelty buckle.

PRICE
17½ Gns.

the hotel de luxe of the world!

HOTEL MARTINEZ cannes



**OPEN ALL THE
YEAR**

Entirely furnished
decorated by
Waring & Gillow

Same Management -
Carlton Hotel - Paris



CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

(Continued from page 214.)

III.—"CHU CHIN CHOW," AT THE REGENT.

"WOULD it go again in the West End?" said Mr. Martin Sabine, who revived "Chu Chin Chow" for Christmas at the Regent. For all reply I pointed to the people at the box-office booking seats in endless file. And inside it was packed that afternoon—tribes of young and old. Nor has the famous play lost an atom of its strange magnetism. As on a magic carpet, imagination soared to fairyland and revelled in the beauty of the scenery; the brilliance, the gaiety, the glamour, the feast of colour of the costumes; the sensuous melody of the music; the romance of the picture, here and there mingled with a dash of humour, and the gigantic personality of the author—dear Oscar Asche, a redoubtable Abu Hasan, as kindly cruel as of old, revelling in the part, its pomp and its circumstance.

Of course thoughts travelled back to the first night at His Majesty's, which was to be the beginning of a quinquennium, but there was no acrimonious sting in the comparison. Here in St. Pancras, the spectacle was a twin to that in the Haymarket. Even the Cobbler and his wonderful philosophical song found a successor in Mr. William Dewhurst worthy to vie with Mr. Frank Cochrane; Miss Doris Champion—famous in Australia—was a most impressive Zahrat; and Miss Helen Debroy Somers, who has made great progress since her appearance in comedy, was a fascinating, picturesque Marjanah; while Mr. Hubert Carter conveyed all the splendent dignity of the East in the personality of the Steward. In this capital ensemble Mr. Wensley Russell's Ali Baba

stood out by the joy of life in his performance, and Miss Marion Edwardes' Alcolom by the beautiful notes of her rich voice. These two warbled the love-song as I have never heard it before. It sent a thrill of pleasure through the house, and was twice encored.

J. T. G.

MOTLEY NOTES.

(Continued from page 182.)

came out, it would almost certainly dry. He proved to be quite correct.

"Still, even an inch of mud may help the bowlers, and therefore, if the wicket is 'treachy,' I think the odds will be against the batting side.

"With regard to the composition of the teams, in my opinion Percy Chapman will aim at a combination of batsmen and bowlers, with as many first-class fieldsmen as are available. Of the Australians, I regard John Ryder, Don Bradman, Ron Oxenham, and Ponsford as the most indispensable. Wally Hammond is undoubtedly a 'tower of strength' to our side; and if he should make a double century in both innings of the next match, this may seriously 'rattle' the Down-Under bowlers. Of course, the skipper, being on the spot, can see more of the game than I can; but I cannot help thinking that if he would give Maurice Tate orders to fizz off the pitch right on to the stumps, this would have an important effect on the game. Also, there were several occasions during the last match when the ball went into the air and there was nobody on the spot to collect it; this does not seem right. However, no captain can be infallible; and we can trust A. P. F. and his 'Merry Men' to as far as possible and to the best of their ability do honour to the dear old Ashes that they have won for dear old England." ALAN KEMP.

THE HUNT BALL.

(Continued from page 194.)

she were a sack of potatoes and cantered wildly into the midst of the fray. The enormous relief occasioned by the approaching end to his nightmare had slightly unhinged his mind.

"Do you—ken—John Peel—coat so gay," he sang breathlessly.

Mrs. Worcester-Permain clung to him in terror, and her back hair floated down her back. "Stop! Stop!" she panted; but Christopher clenched his teeth, and beads of perspiration broke out on his brow; he held her in an iron grip, steel to steel. Drawing a deep, sobbing breath, he gathered himself together for one final canter round the room—faster, faster. . . . Mrs. Worcester-Permain's feet had left the floor. She clung round the neck as though they were doing an Apache dance. Crash! They hit another couple over by the mantelpiece; for an instant the four of them stood swaying, feet interlocked, and I counted ten, breathlessly. Then there was a sickening thud as both couples crashed down on the parquet floor. Christopher wriggled out of the chaos to the first bars of the National Anthem. His collar and tie were awry, and he looked extremely self-conscious. Mrs. Worcester-Permain emerged from the bottom of the scrum wearing a forced smile. In spite of a scratched cheek, a tiara rakishly tipped over one eye, and a long tail of hair dangling over one shoulder, it was still quite obvious that she was County Family.

"The funny thing is," said Christopher, coming up in the train the next morning, "that I don't think they liked me much. Especially Mrs. Worcester-Permain."

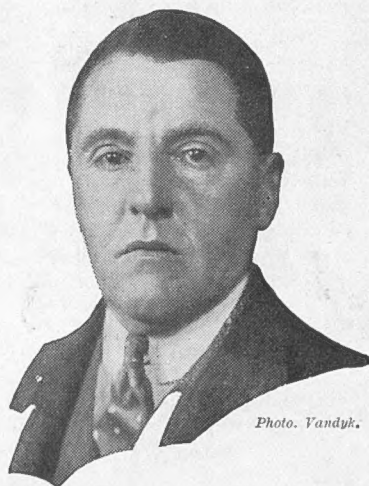


Photo. Vandyk.

LORD BIRKENHEAD
and CITROËN CARS

"I HAVE, as you know, owned two Citroën cars, each of which has given me the greatest satisfaction. In ordering your new Six-Cylinder car, of which I have the most excellent reports, I derive pleasure from two different sources; one, I am acquiring an admirable car; two, through the wholesome action of our safeguarding policy I am (as an Englishman) able to illustrate the advantage of inducing foreign capital to acquire plant and employ labour in this country."

TO CITROËN CARS LTD.,
SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Birkenhead.

Six-Cylinder Saloon £295 Safety Saloon £335 Weymann Sportsman's Coupé £345 13-30 h.p. 4-Cylinder Saloon £255

Le Chat d'Or

CHOCOLATS



The Oxford and the Cambridge assortments both at 5/- per lb. The Eton and the Harrow both at 4/- per lb. You can buy Chocolats Le Chat d'Or from over a thousand of the best confectioners. If there is not one near you we will send direct, post paid, on receipt of P.O. Please state the name of your usual confectioner.

CHOCOLATS Le Chat d'Or are not for hasty gobblers: they are to be eaten with due reverence and a certain quiet ecstasy . . . First, overcome your seemly scruples at shattering such perfection. Second, bite gently and expectantly into the rich fine-flavoured chocolate coating. Finally, let the cool exquisiteness of the centre confection melt lingeringly against the tongue . . . then render thanks.

CHOCOLATS LE CHAT D'OR
62 and 63 Burlington Arcade,
London, W.1.